THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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ES OF HORROR

f Devastated Districts of Bleeding Armenia.

SM FORCED UPON PRIESTS.

Investigating Committee Told osters the Sultan Did Not Ex- hem to Kill So Many, but Since Had Done Their Work So Well All Right.

NTINOPLE, Feb. 24.—The sub- t soon after the massacres in ..try sent out commissioners to ..te into the recent disturbances measures for quieting the coun- ..roup of commissioners went ..am and the other entered the ..a Sassoun and came to Sivas. ..mission from the interior did ..very rapidly, spending only a ..n each of the principal cities ..

.. after their arrival they sum- ..ore them a number of leading ..and Christians. These were ..to the presence of the com- ..separately, first the Moslems, ..l the Christians. Reports say ..commissioners said to the Mos- ..We did not expect so much of ..now you have done it, never ..thenceforth you must keep the ..

..as can be learned, in the Har- ..yet the commissioners spent all ..e in Mezreh and did not even ..city of Harpoot, which was ..d and burned, although it is ..miles from Mezreh. No ques- ..re asked of the Christians sum- ..before them. When the com- ..s had finished their speeches ..missed them.

..t fact of interest is the sending ..officials to enroll in the govern- ..ts the names of Christians who ..become Moslems. Multitudes ..en forcibly converted to Islam. ..means simply that they have ..diged to choose between becom- ..slems and perishing by the ..ear that they have been bound ..while the right of circumcision ..formed without their consent. ..ot one case in which an aged ..es tied to his own door and cir- ..d while in another village ..as begged to be killed, and their ..neighbors said to them: "No. ..t you to till the fields. We will ..a Moslems," and they circum- ..ue Christians of the place by

.. the Christians were admitted ..missioners received them stand- ..d at once began to read an ad- ..tining the benefits the Chris- ..ad received during the reign of ..eficent sultan, Abdul Hamid ..and the perfidious conduct of the ..ans, who had started newspa- ..l sent men to Washington and ..to agitate and stir up the na- ..gainst their government. In ..ion the address said: "Hereafter ..r Turks or Armenians stir up ..there will be no more imprison- ..but the death penalty will be ..upon such offenders."

..the reading of the address ..Pasha began to address the Chris- ..a much more violent strain. He ..the Armenians should again be- ..antate, not even the name of ..would be allowed to remain, ..ould all be blotted out. Drawing ..up to his full height and ..ng out his arm like a sword, he ..What we have gained we have ..with blood, and when we give ..must we will give it up with ..blood, blood!"

..overnment has said that these ..ions were worth nothing and ..body will be forced to change ..ion, but now government offi- ..ate these new converts while the ..drive them to say they are Mos- ..In the village of Sheikaj, the of- ..id to the Christians:

..ite your names on a separate list ..y the Turks there is no force .. But one acquainted with ..ways may expect to find these ..ns soon enrolled as Moslem citi-

..carrying off of Christian girls ..men, too, still continues. In the ..Pelu, Turks carry off girls, keep ..few days, and return them dis- .. This same is done in many .. In one of the Arabkir villages, ..rls of the place are imprisoned ..ish harems. Their friends hear ..es but can do nothing to help

..stitution of the Armenians beg- ..lescription. Men who were ..in October were begging for ..November. Villages were pil- ..every scrap of food and cloth- ..When the plunderers could find ..more to carry off, the villagers ..d and sifted the dust to gather a ..ls of wheat or barley. Doors ..windows were carried off. In ..ses the timbers of the houses ..led out and carried off. Jars ..olen. Everything of value ..ould not be carried away was .. Windows, cupboards, and ..re smashed. The utmost pains ..ken to leave behind nothing of ..the owners.

..ll this was done at a time when ..was so close at hand as to make ..nearly sure that cold and hunger ..destroy those whom the sword ..ared. Wherever you go you ..an. pinched faces and people ..scanty garments. And you ..hat multitudes spend the long ..sets huddled together, with ..to lie down upon and nothing ..r them. Of course disease sets ..rries them off.

..stimated that there are between ..and 100,000 people in extreme ..ion. Europe and America are ..with compassion and funds are ..th red for the relief of the suf- ..every town and city. It is far ..with the Turk. He views ..s with complacency and does ..to see it interfered with. The ..ent gives a little aid occasion- ..lly ..uses the allowance is one-sixth as much as is given a Turkish gendarme or soldier. The bread given in several places resembles the linseed cake used in Europe and America for feeding cattle. Even this allowance is seldom continued for any length of time.

FOUND IN A MINE.

Skeletons of Four Men Who Disappeared Many Years Ago.

COLLIERS, W. Va., Feb. 24.—People are much excited in this vicinity over a recent find, which, it is claimed, clears up a mystery of 32 years standing—the remains of four human beings having been discovered in an abandoned coal mine a mile east of here.

David Sander has explored the old mine which has not been worked since the 60s and discovered the human bones. One of the skeletons was sitting upright against a ledge. Beside this skeleton was found a flask containing a note that explained the mysterious disappearance of John Ewing, Ben Ayers, Tom Ackelson and Joe Obney, 32 years ago. The notes were written in pencil but well preserved. They read as follows:

Nov. 2, 1863.

Should this ever reach the outside world let it be known that we (giving names) are prisoners here, owing to the caving in of the mine. We are deserters and were in hiding here when the mine caved in. Food and water all gone. We are doomed, as no one outside is aware of our whereabouts. This is about the eighth day of imprisonment.

Nov. 4.—John Ewing and Tom Ackelson have just killed Ben Ayers and are eating him. I have already eaten my bootleg. The water in the mine is terrible. Our oil is getting scarce, air becoming foul. I only know the day of the month by my watch.

Nov. 4.—Ewing has just killed Ackelson. Cut off one of his feet and is eating it and dancing around and flourishing his dirk knife like a maniac.

Nov. 7.—I am now alone with the dead. I had to kill Ewing in self defense. I have just eaten my other boot leg. Am sleepy. Goodbye. I inclose this note in this flask to preserve it if possible, so that if ever found, our sad fate will be known.

JOSEPH OBNEY.

Several of the old residents hereabouts remember these men. It was generally believed they had been killed in battle. As no relatives of the deceased men could be found their remains were given in charge of Andy Laster for interment.

CONGRESSIONAL FORECASTS.

The Cuban Resolution Will Continue to Occupy the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The probabilities are that the Cuban question and the tariff bill as affected by the silver substitute, will divide the greater part of the time of the senate during the present week. There will be an effort on Monday by Senator Dubois, chairman of the committee on public lands, to secure unanimous consent to lay the Cuban resolution aside to permit the consideration of the bill extending the limitation of the time in which suits may be brought to secure the restoration of certain granted lands to the government. The present limitation expires in March and the president has by a special message to congress asked for immediate action. This bill is one which will excite some debate, but it is probable that an amicable arrangement will be made for its consideration some time during the week if not on Monday.

In the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The house is pushing ahead the appropriation bills with all possible speed with a view to an early final adjournment. Already five of the 13 general appropriation bills have been sent to the senate, the army, military academy, urgent deficiency, diplomatic and consular and agricultural. The District of Columbia bill has in it several disputed items, but will, it is believed, cause little or no trouble when it is again brought into the house. The Indian bill is now under consideration, and the legislative, executive and judicial, the next in order, is on the calendar. The naval and postoffice bills will be brought in this week. When these are disposed of but three will remain, the sundry civil, general deficiency and fortifications.

STOCKHOLDERS KNOCKED OUT.

They Are Not Creditors and Must Come In at the Tail End.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 24.—Judge Ricks of the United States court filed an opinion in the case brought by the holders of the preferred stock of the Toledo, Kansas City and St. Louis Railroad company. These stockholders claimed that their stock constituted a lien next after the first mortgage and they asked to be made parties defendant in the foreclosure proceedings.

Judge Ricks holds that under the laws of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, through which the road runs, no law could be found which authorized a railroad company to make its preferred stock a lien upon the body and assets of its property. He also held that these stockholders were not creditors of the corporation or lienholders.

IS IT THE STANDARD.

An Oil Company Leasing Immense Tracts In Indiana.

ANDERSON, Ind., Feb. 24.—Another great batch of leases on Indiana gas territory, looked upon as prospective oil lands, was closed by the company styling itself the Central Contracting and Finance Oil company.

The company has almost 100,000 acres of prospective oil territory leased. The company is in many cases paying but 50 cents per acre, and in very few cases as high as $1.25. It is thought this company is but an agency for the Standard Oil company. The great syndicate has long looked upon the Indiana gas belt as the coming oil territory of the world.

Shot by a Veiled Woman.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 24.—While returning from a cakewalk Tony Carr was met by a veiled woman who shot him four times in the face and head. His wife, from whom he was separated, is suspected and is under arrest.

THEY ARE HEROES.

Jackson and Walling Visited by Thousands of Women.

FLOWERS WILL SOON BE COMING.

Psychologists Have Failed to Explain Why Criminals Whose Victims Were Women Have Such a Strange Fascination For the "Bloomer" Sex—Wood Is Not Much Admired by the Curious.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 24.—When the headless body of Pearl Bryan was discovered near Fort Thomas on Feb. 1, the first feeling was a chill of horror at the revolting, devilish ingenuity of the crime. Four days later, when the confessed partners in it, Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, not to mention the lad William Wood, were arrested, the excitement over this unspeakable atrocity became passionate, indeed, almost furious. As one by one, day by day, the dumb witnesses of this crime, matchless for cold blooded cruelty, came to light, all other passions gave way to that of vengeance.

Pearl Bryan's valise, stained crimson with her own blood, shed by hands into which she had confided herself, all too trustingly, for relief and protection; Jackson's bloodstained coat and Walling's blood bespattered pantaloons, these intensified the horror and inflamed public indignation.

Nor did the fact of the exceptional high standing of the families of the victim and of the inventors and perpetrators of the crime tend to relieve the tension of public indignation. They found the strong walls, the barred doors and the dim cells of the jail a welcome shelter from the ominous storm of human passion gathering around them on the outside.

A lapse of three weeks since the perpetration of the crime, together with the undoubted discovery of the participants, as well as the prospect of speedily committing them into the hands of the law, has had the effect of allaying the harsh, impulsive impatience of the first public sentiment.

During the past week, in the absence of new and striking developments, the public interest in these accused men, Jackson and Walling, has assumed a new phase. That fascination which mystery has for the masses has drawn visitors not by the score and hundreds to the jail, but by thousands every day. Beginning on Monday of last week the flow to the jail of curious humanity was continuous from morning till night, in fair weather and in foul. In fact, as the weather grew colder the stream of callers grew larger in volume and steadier in flow.

On last Thursday the number had grown to 1,000; on Friday it increased to 1,500. Jailer Lew Kushman and his guards were absolutely worn out in letting the people in and out. This became so burdensome that on and after Saturday all visitors were excluded. In fact, this excitement was telling on the nerves of the two leading prisoners, Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling.

Not one visitor in a hundred cared to see the boy William Wood. A limit was placed upon the time visitors were permitted to stay. Every few minutes the jail was cleared and a new installment of sightseers was admitted. Once in the corridors of the jail, the visitors were arranged in two lines facing inward, forming a lane through which the chief prisoners were led slowly, one at a time, for public inspection like horses at an auction before a group of buyers.

Both Jackson and Walling stood this ordeal, while it lasted, with steady nerve and firm step. Weariness and depression came to both at the close of the day after this hurrying was over. William Wood, the boy who is charged with aiding and abetting these criminals, was an interested spectator of these exhibitions. From the balcony of his corridor, which is two stories above Jackson's and Walling's floor, he could command an excellent view of the whole performance. Visitors usually simply looked at the prisoners much after the manner of viewing savage beasts at a menagerie without speaking a word.

As to the character of these visitors, the singular fact is that at least two-thirds of them are women. Of these the greater number are blooming young girls with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Once in a while a group of matronly women call, but this is rare. Of course the most of the callers have been from Cincinnati and the neighboring towns. A highly respectable minority are from Indiana and more distant states. Occasionally mothers take in their little sons and daughters. Christian people who are Sunday habitues of the jail seek to talk to the prisoners on religious subjects and meet a hearty reception.

What inspires the desire to see these capital culprits is a problem for the psychologist. Mystery has its charms for men. That jail has held many a man with a dark secret locked in his bosom.

Chasing the Ducks.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—President Cleveland left the city at 11 o'clock on the lighthouse tender Maple for a day's duck hunting at Quantico. He was accompanied by four guests, one of whom was Lighthouse Inspector Lamberton and another Colonel Rives. The party expect to return to the city at 9 o'clock Monday night.

Ran Away With a Girl.

ELWOOD, Ind., Feb. 24.—A woman who claimed to be Mrs. John Williams of Dayton, O., came here on the track of her husband who ran away with a young woman. The man was J. H. Filwiler and he was found with the girl who claimed to be his daughter. The woman did not get to see them.

Bill Nye Dead.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 24.—Bill Nye, the famous humorist died at his Back Shoals home, near here, Saturday afternoon.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

Seven Are Dead and Another Probably Fatally Injured.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 24.—Seven persons were asphyxiated, one fatally hurt by jumping and five others more or less injured by a fire in the residence of James R. Armiger, a prominent jeweler. Horace B. Manuel of New York is among the dead.

There were 13 persons in the house at the time, 10 being members of the household, two servants and Horace B. Manuel of New York, a guest. They were all in their bedrooms on the upper floors. The fire originated from an overheated furnace flue.

Mr. and Mrs. Armiger were on the second floor. Mrs. Armiger escaped to a balcony from which she was assisted to the ground uninjured. Other inmates crowded to the windows and Alice Williams jumped from the fourth story and was fatally injured. Eleanor and Virginia Armiger were safely rescued from a second-story window.

On the stairway leading from the second to the third floor was found the body of Mr. Armiger, with his little grandson, Richard Riley, clasped in his arms. In the front room on the third floor was found the corpse of Mr. Manuel, with a dead Riley child in his arms.

In the rear room on the third floor was found the dead body of Mr. Riley. By his side lay his wife breathing faintly. She was hurried into the air and revived. Although badly burned she will recover.

In another room on the third floor were found the dead bodies of Mrs. Champlin and her 3-year-old son, while on the upper floor Mamie Whiting, the colored servant, was found unconscious but not seriously injured.

The fire was discovered by Louis Whiting, a man-of-all-work, who was cleaning the front steps at the time. It was due to his efforts that Mrs. Armiger escaped.

FUNERAL OF MRS. WAITE.

The Remains Have Been Taken to Toledo For Interment.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Brief funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Amelia Waite, widow of the late Chief Justice Waite, took place Sunday afternoon. Rev. Randolph H. McKim of the Epiphany church officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Walbridge of Toledo, O., and Rev. Mr. Hilliker, assistant rector of Epiphany. Most of the members of the Supreme court and Senators Sherman, Morrill and Hawley were among those present.

At night the remains were removed to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station and taken to Toledo. They were accompanied by Henry Waite, grandson of the late chief justice; Miss Waite, the daughter of the deceased; Mrs. Henry Waite and Miss T. P. Reed, a niece. The interment will take place at the same time as that of the remains of the son, C. C. Waite, who died at Columbus Friday.

THEY SING AND PRAY.

Cramerites Think the Judgment Day Will Soon Arrive.

FOWLER, Ind., Feb. 24.—Some time since, and before the discovery of the Perrine comet which is traveling toward the earth at the rate of a million miles a day, Miss Emily Baldwin, leader of the Cramerite sect, announced that the world would soon come to an end by collision with another planet. Since then the Cramerites have spent their time continuously singing and praying. It is predicted that the visiting planet will strike in the vicinity of Constantinople during the latter part of March. It is supposed it comes as relief to the Armenians.

Log Roller Crushed to Death.

UNIONTOWN, Ind., Feb. 24.—H. O. Stephenson, foreman of L. D Adams' heading factory, while engaged in rolling logs near the factory, was dragged by a log chain, and being thrown under a rolling log was crushed to death.

Died of Peritonitis.

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—Mrs. Nannie Field, wife of Marshall Field, died at her villa in Nice, Alps-Maritimes, France. Mrs. Field has been in poor health for several years. The immediate cause of death was peritonitis.

Died of Alcoholism.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—John Waldron, 43, known in dramatic circles as actor "Paul Allen," died at Bellevue hospital in the alcoholic ward.

Accepted the Call.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 24.—Rev. D. L. Beach of this city announced his acceptance of the call to Plymouth church, Minneapolis.

Death of a Recluse.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 24.—Romulus Gay, the recluse son of a French count, died from paralysis.

SMALL BITS OF NEWS.

Flashes From the Wires From All Quarters of the Globe.

Pittsburg sports lost about $10,000 on Peter Maher and are very sore.

Prussian insurance companies in New York have been ordered to cease.

Bob Fitzsimmons positively declines to consider any challenge from Corbett.

Washington's birthday was celebrated in London by the Americans there.

The Standard Oil company is leasing vast tracts of land in Indiana.

The French senate has concluded not to drive the cabinet out of business.

Theodore Durrant, who was to be executed on Friday, has been granted a respite of 20 days.

The only spot in Cuba of which the insurgents have not complete control is Havana.

Commander Ballington Booth was removed because he was Americanizing the salvation army.

Chief De Root, medicine man of the Osage Indians, has ordered the death dance discontinued.

Governor Bradley of Kentucky is an avowed candidate for the presidential nomination on the Republican ticket.

While Robert Edwards, 10, was trying to draw a bucket of water he fell head long into the well and was drowned at Pomeroy, O.

RAISING REVENUE

Brazil Imposes a Duty on Numerous Staple Articles.

UNSTABLE CURRENCY CAUSED IT.

The New Tariff, While Nearly Double the Old, Is About the Same When Considered on a Gold Basis—Ballington Booth's Successor Appointed—Argentine Republic's Wheat Crop.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 24.—Important modifications in the import duties of Brazil have been made. These duties are payable in the paper currency of the country and owing to its depreciation the treasury has suffered greatly. It is to meet this condition that the changes referred to were made. While the duties under the new tariff are about doubled the gold value remains substantially the same as in the former tariff. Among the articles affected are beer, ale, porter, wines, matches, soap, salt, tin plate, oils, perfumery, bagging, medicines, cotton, yarns, lumber, fertilizers and agricultural implements.

Wheat Crop Damaged.

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 24.—Owing to the succession of rains in the Argentine Republic the wheat crop has been materially damaged and the yield will fall below that of last year. The maize crop promises to be bountiful. The linseed has suffered severely and the quality is reported to be inferior. A very large portion of the crop is lost.

The Condition Is Terrible.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 24.—The consuls of the powers who negotiated the peace at Zeitoun report the most terrible distress and illness there. There are 8,000 refugees in the town and an almost entire absence of beds and clothing. Many are dying of cold and starvation.

Fresh Massacres In Armenia.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 24.—There is a persistent rumor of a fresh massacre at Urfa. The government objects to Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross society, going to Zeitoun to distribute relief.

Will Work In Siberia.

VLADIVOSTOCK, Feb. 24.—The newspapers announce the arrival here of the agents of an Anglo-American company with a capital of £5,000,000 to work the alluvial gold deposits of eastern Siberia.

Slavin Wants to Fight.

LONDON, Feb 24.—Frank Slavin has challenged Fitzsimmons for £1,000 a side, the fight to come off in England, or he will bet Corbett £1,000 that he stops him in six rounds.

Ballington Booth's Successor.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—It is announced that Booth Tucker and wife will succeed Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth in command of the Salvation Army in the United States.

Russia Will Not Annex Korea.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 24.—It is stated on good authority that Russia does not intend to annex Korea, but considers it a duty to guarantee the independence of Korea.

The Loan Subscribed.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—The Tong King loan of 80,000,000 francs has been covered by subscriptions thirty fold.

INVALID BURNED TO DEATH.

Her Bed Caught Fire While She Was Alone In Her Room.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Lillian Cecilia Lyons, the 14-year-old daughter of Daniel Lyons of Brooklyn, was burned to death in her bedroom. The fire started through the accidental explosion of an oil stove, which had been used to heat the room.

Lillian, who was an epileptic, was in bed at the time. She was unable to move without assistance. The bed clothes quickly became ignited and the girl was enveloped in flames before she could be rescued.

The screams of the girl attracted the attention of neighbors. They succeeded in getting the girl from the burning room. Before a physician arrived the girl died in horrible agony.

WILL NOT STAND COERCION.

This Is What Premier Greenway Says to the Dominion Government.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 24.—Sir Donald Smith, who came here as special plenipotentiary of the dominion government in connection with the school question, has taken back a message from Premier Greenway which may settle the troublesome school question. Premier Greenway declares if the dominion authorities attempt coercion he will resist at any cost, but that if they withdraw their coercion bill and allow Manitoba to settle the question without interference, he will make such concessions to Roman Catholics as are reasonable and that they cannot fail to accept.

Woman In the Pulpit.

WAKARUSA, Ind., Feb. 24.—This little hamlet of several hundred souls enjoys the unique distinction of having the pulpit of its leading church filled by a woman. Mrs. Mary Rheubottom was called to the pastorate of the Christian church in August, 1894.

A Child Disemboweled.

KOKOMO, Ind., Feb. 24.—While at dinner Victor, the 3-year-old son of Cornelius Bolinger, tried to close a long bladed pocketknife by pressing the point against the table. The blade turned and the child was disemboweled.

The Weather.

For Indiana—Fair weather; westerly winds. For West Virginia and Ohio—Fair weather with diminishing cloudiness; westerly winds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TAKEN TO MANSFIELD.

Body of M. D. Harter Transferred to His Old Home Sunday.

FOSTORIA, O., Feb. 24.—Hon. M. D. Harter suicided in his room here by shooting. Insomnia is given as the cause.

Mrs. Harter Arrives.

MANSFIELD, O., Feb. 24.—Mrs. M. D. Harter and children arrived here Sunday from Philadelphia and went to their home on Park avenue. The body of Mr. Harter was brought here from Fostoria Sunday evening. It was learned that Mr. Harter carried $200,000 life insurance, of which $50,000 was in the Equitable, $80,000 in the Northwestern, $25,000 in the Pennsylvania, $25,000 in the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey, and the balance in the Mutual Life of New York and other companies.

MURDERED AND ROBBED.

Don Brown, California Giant, Killed by One Tom Hall.

WASHINGTON C. H., O., Feb. 24.—Last Wednesday night Don Brown, the California giant, a man of enormous stature was found near the railroad unconscious, his skull crushed and a brick covered with blood and hair near by. Saturday he recovered consciousness long enough to say in an ante mortem statement that Tom Hall, with whom he had been drinking, had assaulted him and robbed him of $6. Brown died Sunday morning and at night Tom Hall was arrested at Wilmington, O.

Want the Cases Tried.

WASHINGTON C. H., O., Feb 24.—The board of trade insists that the remaining cases against Colonel Coit for manslaughter be pushed to trial. It is claimed the case tried was the weakest of the three.

Daring Escape From Jail.

WARREN, O., Feb. 24.—Five prisoners in the county jail knocked Turnkey Lucius Bartlett unconscious with the arm of a chair, took the keys from him while he was unconscious and escaped.

Frozen In the Ice.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 24.—The body of Harriet Ford, who disappeared from home Tuesday, was found frozen in the ice on the Scioto river near Greenlawn avenue bridge.

A Merchant Attempts Suicide.

NEW HOLLAND, O., Feb. 24.—H. T. Gooley, merchant, attempted suicide by taking laudanum. He was despondent over the death of his wife and two children.

After the Police Court Clerk.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 24.—An effort is being made to have the police court clerk's books investigated. It is claimed that a big shortage appears to exist.

Author of Nichols Law Dead.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., Feb. 24.—Ex-State Senator Nichols, the author of the famous Nichols law, died at his home at St. Clairsville, of pneumonia.

Desperate Fight With Toughs.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 24.—James Farmer, a fireman at the Peters Dash company, was nearly killed during a fight with toughs.

Funeral of C. C. Waite.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 24.—The funeral of C. C. Waite took place Sunday at 2 p. m. and was very impressive.

Judge Cochran Dead.

TOLEDO, Feb. 24.—Judge R. H. Cochran, president of the state board of commerce, is dead.

Diphtheria Raging.

KOKOMO, Ind., Feb. 24.—On account of the ravages of diptheria the schools at Greentown, this county, were closed, and they will remain closed until the scourge is stamped out. The schools that were closed in this city have reopened, the epidemic having abated.

Lithographers on a Strike.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—It was announced at a meeting of the Central Labor Union that a general strike of the members of the International Lithographers and Engravers Protective and Insurance union in this country and Canada would begin today.

Killed In a Dive.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., Feb. 24.—Bob Green was shot and killed in a dive at Pineville by John Hayes. Green was the son of ex-Judge Green, one of the most prominent men in the county. Hayes is also prominent.

Relatives Not Found.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Feb. 24.—The man found murdered here and known as Scannell, was not a brother of Detective Crossgrove's widow of New York. Nothing is known of his relatives, if he has any.

The Roof Collapsed.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 24.—By the collapse of the roof of an old building in Dublin, one boy was killed, another fatally hurt and several others were more or less injured.

Breaking It Gently.

"I must go tell her that her dog is dead."

"Don't tell it abruptly."

"No. I'll begin by saying it's her husband."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A FORGED LAW.

Curious Anomaly Now Bothering the North Carolina Legislature.

The forgery of a law is a curious anomaly in the history of legislation, but North Carolina is at present in trouble over a law which never passed either branch of the legislature, yet was laid on the governor's table for signature, having already affixed to it the signatures of the clerks and presiding officers of both houses.

By lapse of time it had become a law, and the governor, on applying to the supreme court to have the law annulled, was informed that the court could not go behind the law itself as it appeared when presented to them.

A trial for forgery is now going on, in which the chief and enrolling clerks of the two houses are being prosecuted for forging the names of the presiding officers.

The law invalidated all conditional or preferential securities for debt and forbade the giving of such securities in the future. A more futile and daring form of fraud would be difficult to imagine.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Brothers Strangely Met.

Jesse M. Brown of Franklin, Pa., and Manson Brown of Titusville, Pa., were called to Akron, O., Saturday by a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of their father. The two brothers had not met in 20 years. They traveled in the same train and sat opposite each other. Neither knew who the other was. Leaving the train they walked to the business portion of the city together. They met again on South Main street and in a joking manner one of them stated that they were following each other. This led to a conversation in which it developed that they were brothers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life Saved by His Watch Charm.

George W. Houze's life was saved by a Knights of Pythias watch charm at Muncie, Ind., the other night. Houze was held up in a lonely spot by a footpad, and in the struggle that followed three shots were fired. One ball would have penetrated Houze's stomach, but it struck his watch charm, glancing off. He finally secured the revolver and nearly beat the life out of his assailant with it.

Jameson Is Now Safe.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Dr. Jameson and 250 of his freebooters have arrived here and were set at liberty. It is not believed that any of them will be punished unless it is because the raid was not a success. They were given an ovation when they arrived.

Played With a Revolver.

ANDERSON, Ind., Feb. 24.—While Otto Lever, 6, was playing with a loaded revolver the weapon was discharged and the ball entered between his eyes, killing him instantly.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

LEBANON, Ind., Feb. 24.—While assisting his father in felling a tree, Charles Grimes was pinioned against the stump and killed.

Young Lady Attempts Suicide.

MUNCIE, Ind., Feb. 24.—Ella Armstrong, wealthy young lady, took morphine with suicidal intent because her guardian will not allow her as much money as she desires.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Stock Quotations For Feb. 22.

New York.

Beef—Family, $10 00@12 00; extra mess, $7 50@8 00; packed, $9 00@10 50. Cut meats—Pickled bellies, 5@5½c; pickled shoulders, 4¾c; pickled hams, 8¾@9c. Lard—Western steam, $5 70@5 72½. Pork—Old mess, $10 25@10 50; family, $11 00; short clear, $11 50@12 50.

Butter—Western dairy, 10@14c; do creamery, 13@17½c; do factory, 9@12½c; Elgins, 21c; imitation creamery, 11@15c; state dairy, 1@20 21½c; creamery, 20@23c. Cheese—State large, 9@10½c; small, 9@10½c; part skims, 3@6c; full skims, 2@3c. Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 18@18½c; western fresh, 18c.

Wheat—71¾c. Corn—36¾c. Rye—40@45c. Oats—22@25½c.

Chicago.

Cattle—Fair to best beeves, $3 15@4 55; stockers and feeders $2 85@3 85; mixed cows and bulls, $1 50@3 75; Texans, $2 75@3 85; western, $2 15@3 70.

Hogs—Light, $4 00@4 27½; rough packing and shipping, $3 90@3 95, mixed and butchers', $3 95@4 22½, heavy packing and shipping, $3 75@4 12½; pigs, $2 25@3 45.

Sheep—Natives, $3 00@4 70; western, $3 40@4 00; Texans, $1 00@2 70. Lambs—$4 00@4 65.

Wheat—62¾c. Corn—29¾c. Oats—21@21¼c. Rye—38c.

Pittsburg.

Cattle—Prime, $4 40@4 60; fair to good butchers', $3 80@4 20, bulls, stags and cows, $1 75@3 20.

Hogs—Heavy, $4 40@4 50; medium, 4 60@4 65; pigs, $4 40@4 45.

Sheep and lambs—Choice sheep, $3 50@3 70; common, $1 00@2 40; choice lambs, $3 50@4 85; exports, $3 60@3 80.

Buffalo.

Cattle—Market slow.

Hogs—Yorkers, $4 50; roughs, common to good, $2 50@3 15; mediums and heavies, $4 40@4 45; pigs, $4 00@4 65.

Sheep and lambs—Extras, $2 25@2 70; good prime, $2 45@3 30; common, $2 10@2 85; spring lambs, $5 20@5 25. Veal calves, $5 75@6 50.

Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 73½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 30c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 22@23c. Rye—No. 2, 41½c.

Lard—$5 22½. Bulk meats—$5 12½. Bacon—$6 00.

Hogs—$3 75@4 20. Cattle—$2 50@4 30. Sheep—1 50@3 75. Lambs—$3 25@4 85.

Toledo.

Wheat—73c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 29½c. Oats—No. 2 white 22¼c. Rye—41c. Cloverseed—$4 42½.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE COMEDY OF WAR.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE UNION SIDE.

Private O'Halloran, detailed for special duty in advance of the picket line, sat reclining against a huge red oak. Within reach lay a rifle of beautiful workmanship. In one hand he held a blackened brier root pipe, gazing on it with an air of mock regret. It had been his companion on many a weary march and on many a lonely day, when, as now, he was doing duty as a sharpshooter. But it was not much of a companion now. It held the flavor, but not the fragrance, of other days. It was empty, and so was O'Halloran's tobacco pouch. It was nothing to grumble about, but the big, laughing Irishman liked his pipe, especially when it was full of tobacco. The words of an old song came to him, and he hummed them to himself:

There was an ould man, an he had a wooden leg,
An he had no terbacky, nor terbacky could he beg;
There was another ould man, as keen as a fox,
An he always had terbacky in his ould terbacky box.

Sez one ould man, "Will yez give me a chew?"
Sez the other ould man: "I'll be dommed ef I do.
Kape away from the ginmills an save up yer rocks,
An ye'll always have terbacky in yer ould terbacky box."

What with the singing and the faraway thoughts that accompanied the song, Private O'Halloran failed to hear footsteps approaching until they sounded quite near.

"Halt!" he cried, seizing his rifle and springing to his feet. The newcomer wore the insignia of a Federal captain, seeing which O'Halloran lowered his weapon and saluted. "Sure, sor, ye're not to mind me capers. I thought the inimy had me complately surrounded—I did, upon me sowl."

"And I," said the captain, laughing, "thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O'Halloran of the sharpshooters. I have heard of you—a gay singer and a great fighter."

"Sure it's not for me to say that same. I sings a little bechwane times for to kape up me sperits, an takes me chances, right an lift. Ye're takin a good many yourself, sor, so far away from the picket line. If I make no mistake, sor, it is Captain Somerville I'm talkin to."

"That is my name," the captain said.

"I was tonchin elbows wit' ye at Gettysburg, sor."

The captain looked at O'Halloran again. "Why, certainly!" he exclaimed. "You are the big fellow that lifted one of the Johnnies over the stone wall."

"By the slack of the trousers. I am that same, sor. He was nothin but a bit of a lad, sor, but he fought right up to the end of me nose. The men was jabbin at 'im wit' their bay'nets, so I sez to him, says I, 'Come in out of the inclemency of the weather,' says I, an thin I lifted him over. He made at me, sor, when I put 'im down, an it took two men for to lead 'im kindly to the rear. It was a warm hour, sor."

As O'Halloran talked he kept his eyes far afield.

"Sure, sor," he went on, "you stand too much in the open. They had one muddlehead on that post yesterday; they'll not put another there today, sor." As he said this the big Irishman seized the captain by the arm and gave him a sudden jerk. It was an unceremonious proceeding, but a very timely one, for the next moment the sapling against which the captain had been lightly leaning was shattered by a ball from the Confederate side.

"'Tis an old friend of mine, sor," said O'Halloran; "I know 'im by his handwritin. They had a muddlehead there yesterday, sor. I set in full sight of 'im, an he blazed at me twice; the last time I had me fist above me head, an he grazed me knuckles. 'Bedad,' says I, 'ye're no good in yer place,' an when he showed his mug I plugged 'im where the nose says howdy to the eyebrows. 'Twas no hurt to 'im, sor; if he seen the flash, 'twas as much."

To the left, in a little clearing, was a comfortable farmhouse. Stacks of fodder and straw and pens of corn in the shuck were ranged around. There was every appearance of prosperity, but no sign of life, save two bluebirds, the pioneers of spring, that were fighting around the martin gourds, preparing to take possession.

"There's where I was born." The captain pointed to the farmhouse. "It is five years since I have seen the place."

"You don't tell me, sor! I see in The Hur'ld that they call it the civil war, but it's nothin but oncivil, sor, for to fight agin yer ould home."

"You are right," assented the captain. "There's nothing civil about war. I suppose the old house has long been deserted."

"Sure, look at the forage, thin. 'Tis piled up as nately as ye please. Wait till the b'ys git at it! Look at the smoke of the chimbly. Barrin the jay birds, 'tis the peacefulest sight I've seen."

"My people are gone," said the captain. "My father was a Union man. I wouldn't be surprised to hear of him somewhere at the north. The day that I was 18 he gave me a larruping for disobedience, and I ran away."

"Don't spake of it, sor." O'Halloran held up his hands. "Many's the time I've had me feelin's hurted wit' a bar'l stave."

"That was in 1860," said the captain. "I was too proud to go back home, but when the war began I remembered what a strong Union man my father was, and I joined the Union army."

"'Tis a great scheme for a play," said the big Irishman solemnly.

"My mother was dead," the captain went on, "my oldest sister was married, and my youngest sister was at school in Philadelphia, and my brother, two years older than myself, made life miserable for me in trying to boss me."

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Halloran. "Don't I know that same? 'Tis meself that's been along there."

Captain Somerville looked at the old place, carefully noting the outward changes, which were comparatively few. He noted, too, with the eye of a soldier, that when the impending conflict took place between the forces then facing each other, there would be a sharp struggle for the knoll on which the house stood, and he thought it was a curious feat for his mind to perform, to regard the old home where he had been both happy and miserable as a strategic point of battle. Private O'Halloran had no such memories to please or to vex him. To the extent of his opportunities he was a man of business. He took a piece of white cloth from his pocket and hung it on the broken sapling.

"I'll see, sor, if yon chap is in the grocery business."

As he turned away there was a puff of smoke on the farther hill, a crackling report, and the hanging cloth jumped as though it were alive.

"Faith, it's him, sor!" exclaimed O'Halloran, "an he's in a mighty hurry." Whereupon the big Irishman brushed a pile of leaves from an oilcloth strapped together in the semblance of a knapsack.

"What have you there?" asked Captain Somerville.

"Sure, 'tis me grocery store, sor. Coffee, tay an sugar. Faith, I'll make the devil's mouth water like a baby cuttin his stomach tathe. Would ye mind comin along, sor, for to kape me from swindlin the Johnny out of all his belongin's?"

CHAPTER II.

ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

Three men sat in a gully that had once been a hillside ditch. Their uniforms were various, the results of accident and capture. One of them wore a very fine blue overcoat which was in queer contrast to his ragged pantaloons. This was Lieutenant Clopton, who had charge of the picket line. Another had on the uniform of an artilleryman, and his left arm was in a sling. He had come out of the hospital to do duty as a guide. This was Private John Fambrough. The third had on no uniform at all, but was dressed in plain citizen's clothes, much the worse for wear. This was Jack Kilpatrick, scout and sharpshooter—Happy Jack, as he was called.

How long since the gully had been a ditch it would be impossible to say, but it must have been a good many years, for the pines had grown into stout trees, and here and there a blackjack loomed up vigorously.

"Don't git too perniseus around here," said Happy Jack as the others were moving about. "This ain't no fancy spot." He eased himself upward on his elbow and made a swift but careful survey of the woodland vista that led to the Federal lines. Then he shook down the breech of his rifle and slipped a long cartridge into its place. "You see that big poplar over yonder? Well, under that tree there's a man, leastways he ought to be there, because he's always hangin around in front of me."

"Why don't you nail him?" asked Fambrough.

"Bosh! Why don't he nail me? It's because he can't do it. Well, that's the reason I don't nail him. You know what happened yesterday, don't you? You saw that elegant lookin chap that came out to take my place, didn't you? Did you see him when he went back?"

Lieutenant Clopton replied with a little grimace, but Fambrough said never a word. He only looked at Kilpatrick with inquiring eyes.

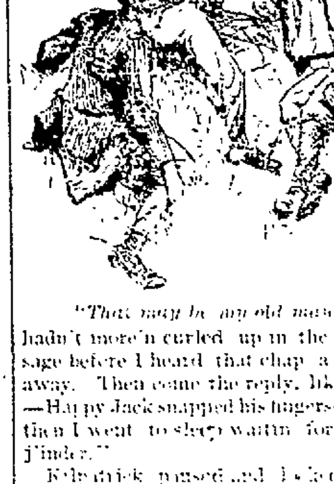
"Why, he was the nicest lookin man in the army—hair combed, clothes brushed and rings on his fingers. He was all the way from New 'leans, with a silver mounted rifle and a globe sight."

"A which?" asked Fambrough.

"A globe sight. Set down on yourself a little further, sonny," said Happy Jack. "Your head's too high. I says to him, says I, 'Friend, you are goin where you'll hafe to strip that doll's stepladder off'n your gun and come down to business,' says I. I says, says I, 'You may have to face a redheaded, flannel mouthed Irishman, and you don't want to look at him through all that machinery,' says I."

"What did he say?" Fambrough asked.

"He said, 'I'll git him.' Now, how did he git him? Why, he come down here, lammed aloose a time or two, and then hung his head over the edge of the gully there, with a ball right spang betwixt his eyes. I went behind the picket line to get a wink of sleep, but I



"That may be my old man."

hadn't more'n curled up in the broom sage before I heard that chap a bangin away. Then come the reply, like this"—Happy Jack snapped his fingers—"and then I went to sleep waitin for the n[illegible] j'inder."

Kilpatrick paused and looked steadily in the direction of the [illegible].

"Well, dog my cats! Yonder's a chap standin right out in front of me. It ain't the Mickey neither. I'll see what he's up to." He raised his rifle with a light swinging movement, chirruped to it as though it were a horse or a little child, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but Fambrough laid his hand on the sharpshooter's arm.

"Wait," he said. "That may be my old man wandering around out there. Don't be too quick on trigger. I ain't got but one old man."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Kilpatrick pettishly. "You reckon I don't know your old man? He's big in the body an wabbly in his legs. You've sp'iled a mighty purty shot. I believe in my soul that chap was a colonel, an he might 'a' been a general. Now that's funny."

"What's funny?" asked Fambrough.

"Why, that chap. He'll never know you saved him, an if he know'd it he wouldn't thank you. I'd 'a' put a hole right through his gizzard. Now he's behind the poplar."

"It's luck," Lieutenant Clopton suggested.

"Maybe," said Kilpatrick. "Yonder he is agin. Luck won't save him this time." He raised his rifle, glanced down the barrel and pulled the trigger. Simultaneously with the report an expression of disgust passed over his face, and with an oath he struck the ground with his fist.

"Don't tell me you missed him," said Clopton.

"Miss what?" exclaimed Kilpatrick scornfully. "If he ain't drunk, somebody pulled him out of the way."

"I told you it was luck," commented Clopton.

"Shucks! don't tell me. Luck's like lightnin. She never hits twice in the same place."

Kilpatrick sank back in the gully and gave himself up to ruminating. He leaned on his elbows and pulled up little tufts of grass and weeds growing here and there. Lieutenant Clopton, looking across toward the poplar, suddenly reached for the sharpshooter's rifle, but Kilpatrick placed his hand on it jealously.

"Give me the gun. Yonder's a Yank in full view."

Kilpatrick, still holding his rifle, raised himself and looked.

"Why, he's hanging out a flag of truce," said Clopton. "What does the fellow mean?"

"It's a message," said Kilpatrick, "an here's the answer." With that he raised his rifle, dropped it gently in the palm of his left hand and fired.

"You saw the hankcher jump, didn't you?" he exclaimed. "Well, that lets us out. That's my Mickey. He wants tobacco, an I want coffee an tea. Come watch me swap him out of his eyeteeth."

Then Kilpatrick went to a clump of broom sedge and drew forth a wallet containing several pounds of prepared smoking tobacco and a bundle of plug tobacco, and in a few moments the trio were picking their way through the underwood toward the open.

CHAPTER III.

ON NEUTRAL GROUND.

Matters were getting critical for Squire Fambrough. He had vowed and declared that he would never be a refugee, but he had a responsibility on his hands that he had not counted on. That responsibility was his daughter Julia, 22 years old, and as obstinate as her father. The squire had sent off his son's wife and her children, together with as many negroes as had refused to go into the Union lines. He had expected his daughter to go at the same time, but when the time arrived the fair Julia showed that she had a mind of her own. She made no scene, she did not go into hysterics, but when everything was ready she asked her father if he was going. He said he would follow along after awhile. She called to a negro, and made him take her trunks and bandboxes from the wagon and carry them into the house, while Squire Fambrough stood scratching his head.

"Why don't you make her come?" his daughter-in-law asked, somewhat sharply.

"Well, Susannah," the squire remarked, "I ain't been a justice of the peace an a married man off an on for 40 year without findin out when to fool wi' the wimen sek an when not to fool wi' 'em."

"I'd make her come," said the daughter-in-law.

"I give you lief, Susannah, freely an fully. Lay your baby some'rs where it won't git run over, an take off your surplus harness, an go an fetch her out of the house an put her in the buggy."

But the daughter-in-law treated the courteous invitation with proper scorn, and the small caravan moved off, leaving the fair Julia and her father in possession of the premises. According to human understanding the refugees got off just in the nick of time. A day or two afterward the Union army, figuratively speaking, marched up, looked over Squire Fambrough's front palings, and then fell back to reflect over the situation. Shortly afterward the Confederate army marched up, looked over the squire's back palings, and also fell back to reflect. Evidently the situation was one to justify reflection, for presently both armies fell back still farther. These movements were so courteous and discreet—were such a colossal display of etiquette—that war seemed to be out of the question. Of course there were the conservative pickets, the thoughtful vedettes and the careful sharpshooters, ready to occasion a little bloodshed, accidentally or intentionally. But by far the most boisterously ferocious appendages of the two armies were the two brass bands. They were continually challenging each other, beginning early in the morning and ending late in the afternoon, one firing off "Dixie," and the other "Yankee Doodle." It was "Yankee Doodle, howdy do?" and "Doo[illegible] Dixie," [illegible] like two chanticleers challenging each other at [illegible].

This was the situation as it appeared to Squire Fambrough and his daughter. On this particular morning the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were fluttering joyously in the budding trees. Miss Julia had brought her book out into the grove of venerable oaks which was the chief beauty of the place and had seated herself on a rustic bench that was built around one of the trees. Just as she had become interested she heard a rifle shot. She moved uneasily, but fell to reading again and was apparently absorbed in the book when she heard another shot. Then she threw the book down and rose to her feet, making a very pretty centerpiece in the woodland setting.

"Oh! what is the matter with everything?" she exclaimed. "There's the shooting again! How can I read books and sit quietly here while the soldiers are preparing to fight? Oh, me! I don't know what to do! If there should be a battle here, I don't know what would become of us."

Julia, in her despair, was fair to look upon. Her gown of striped homespun stuff, simply made, set off to admiration her strong but supple figure. Excitement added a new luster to her eye and gave a heightened color to the rose that bloomed on her cheeks. She stood a moment as if listening, and then a faint smile showed on her lips. She heard her father calling:

"Jule! Jule! Oh, Jule!"

"Here I am, father!" she cried. "What is it?"

"Well, the Lord he'p my soul! I've been huntin for you high an low. Did you hear that shootin? I 'lowed maybe you'd been took prisoner an kerried bodaciously off. Didn't I hear you talkin to somebody?"

Squire Fambrough pulled off his hat and scratched his head. His face, set in a fringe of gray beard, was kindly and full of humor, but it contained not a few of the hard lines of experience.

"No, father," said Julia, in reply to the squire's question. "I was only talking to myself."

"Jest makin a speech, eh? Well, I don't blame you, honey. I'm a great mind to jump out here in the clearin an yell out my sentiments so that both sides can hear 'em."

"Why, what is the matter, father?"

"I'm mad, honey! I'm jest nachally stirred up—dog my cats ef I ain't! Along at fust I did hope there wouldn't be no fightin in this neighborhood, but now I jest want to see them two blamed armies light into one another, tooth an toe nail."

"Why, father!" Julia made a pretty gesture of dismay. "How can you talk so?"

"Half of my niggers is gone," said Squire Fambrough; "one side has got my hosses an t'other side has stole my cattle. The Yankees has grabbed my gristmill, an the Confeds has laid holt of my corncrib. One army is squattin in my tater patch an t'other one is roostin in my cow pastur'. Do you reckon I was born to set down here an put up wi' that kind of business?"

"But, father, what can you do? How can you help yourself? For heaven's sake, let's go away from here."

"Great Moses, Jule! Have you gone an lost what little bit of common sense you was born with? Do you reckon I'm a-goin to be a-refugeein an a-skeedaddlin across the country like a skeer'd rabbit at my time of life? I hain't aleared of nary two armies they can find room for on these hills! Hain't I got one son on one side an another son on t'other side? Much good they are doin too! If they'd 'a' took like me, they'd 'a' lit both sides. Do you reckon I'm a-gwine to be drove off'n the place where I was born an where your gran'pappy was born an where your mother lies buried? No, honey!"

"But, father, you know we can't stay here. Suppose there should be a battle?"

"Come, honey, come!" There was a touch of petulance in the old man's tone. "Don't get me flustrated. I told you to go when John's wife an the children went. By this time you'd 'a' been out of hearin of the war."

"But, father, how could I go and leave you here all by yourself?" The girl laid her hand on the squire's shoulder caressingly.

"No," exclaimed the squire angrily; "stay you would, stay you did, an here you are!"

"Yes, and now I want to go away, and I want you to go with me. All the horses are not taken, and the spring wagon and the barouche are here."

"Don't come a-pesterin me, honey! I'm pestered enough as it is. Lord, if I had the big men here what started the war. I'd take 'em an butt their cussed heads together till you wouldn't know 'em from a lot of sp'iled squashes."

"Now, don't get angry and say bad words, father."

"I can't help it, Jule; I jest can't help it. When the fuss was a-brewin, I sot down an wrote to Jeems Buchanan an told him, jest as plain as the words could be put on paper, that war was bound to come if he didn't look sharp, an then when old Buck dropped out I sot down an wrote to Abe Lincoln an told him that coercion wouldn't work worth a cent, but conciliation"—

"Wait, father!" Julia held up her pretty hand. "I hear some one calling. Listen!"

Not far away they heard the voice of a negro. "Marse Dave Henry! Oh, Marse Dave Henry!"

"Hello! Who the nation are you hollerin at?" said Squire Fambrough as a youngish looking negro man came in view. "An where did you come from, an where are you goin?"

"Howdy, mistiss—howdy, marster!" The negro took off his hat as he came up.

"What's your name?" asked the squire.

"I'm name Tuck, suh. None er you all ain't seed nothin er Marse"—

"Who do you belong to?"

"I b'longs ter de Cloptons down dar in Georgy, suh. None er you all ain't seed n [illegible]—

"What are you doin here?" demanded Squire Fambrough, somewhat angrily. "Don't you know you are liable to get killed any minute? Ain't you makin your way to the Yankee army?"

"No, suh." The negro spoke with unction. "I'm des a huntin my young marster, suh. He name Dave Henry Clopton. Dat what we call him—Marse Henry. None er you all ain't seed 'im, is you?"

"Jule," said the squire, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, "ain't that the name of the chap that used to hang around here before the Yankees got too close?"

"Do you mean Lieutenant Clopton, father?" asked Julia, showing some confusion.

"Yessum." Tuck grinned and rubbed his hands together. "Marse Dave Henry is sholy a lieutenant in de company, an mistiss she say he'd 'a' done been a giner'l ef dey wa'n't so much envicusness in de army."

"I saw him this morning—I mean"—Julia blushed and hesitated. "I mean, I heard him talking out here in the grove."

"Who was he talkin to, Jule?" The squire put the question calmly and deliberately.

There was a little pause. Julia, still blushing, adjusted an imaginary hairpin. The negro looked sheepishly from one to the other. The squire repeated his question.

"Who was he talkin to, Jule?"

"Nobody but me," said the young lady, growing redder. Her embarrassment was not lessened by an involuntary "Eh—eh," from the negro. Squire Fambrough raised his eyes heavenward and allowed both his heavy hands to drop helplessly by his side.

"What was he talkin about?" The old man spoke with apparent humility.

"N-o-th-i-n-g," said Julia demurely, looking at her pink finger nails. "He just asked me if I thought it would rain, and I told him I didn't know, and then he said the spring was coming on very rapidly, and I said, 'Yes, I think it is.' And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked me if I would accept them, and I said, 'Thank you.'"

"Land of the livin Moses!" exclaimed Squire Fambrough, lifting his hands above his head and allowing them to fall heavily again. "And they call this war!"

"Yessum!" The negro's tone was triumphant. "Dat sholy wuz Marse Dave Henry. War er no war, dat waz him. Dat des de way he goes 'mongst de ladies. He gi'um candy yit, let 'lone flowers. Shoo! You can't tell me nothin 'tall 'bout Marse Dave Henry."

"What are you wanderin round here in the woods for?" asked the squire. His tone was somewhat severe. "Did anybody tell you he was here?"

"No, suh!" replied Tuck. "Dey tol me back dar at de camps dat I'd fin 'im out on de picket line, an when I got dar dey tol me he wuz out dis a-way, what dey wuz some sharpshootin gwine on, but I ain't foun 'im yit."

"Ain't you been with him all the time?" The squire was disposed to treat the negro as a witness for the defense.

"Lor, no, suh! I des now come right straight fum Georgy. Mistiss—she Marse Dave Henry's ma—she hear talk dat de solyers ain't got no cloze fer ter w'ar an no vittles fer ter eat skacely, an she tuck'n made me come an fetch 'im a box full er duds an er box full er vittles. She put cake in dar yit, kaze I smelled it whiles I wuz handlin de box. De boxes, dey er dar at de camp, an here me, but wharbouts is Marse Dave Henry? Not ter be a-hidin fum some-



"And they call this war!"

body, he de hardest white man ter fin what I ever laid eyes on. I speck I better be knockin 'long. Goodby, marster; goodby, young mistiss. Ef I don' fin Marse Dave Henry nowheres I'll know what ter come an watch fer 'im."

The squire watched the negro disappear in the woods, and then turned to his daughter. To his surprise her eyes were full of tears, but before he could make any comments or ask any questions he heard the noise of tramping feet in the woods, and presently saw two Union soldiers approaching. Almost immediately Julia called his attention to three soldiers coming from the Confederate side.

"I believe in my soul we're surrounded by both armies," remarked the squire dryly. "But don't git skeer'd, honey. I'm goin to see what they're trespassin on my premises for."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Actor's Demand.

"Now, as to the salary"—

"Fifty per cent is what I shall expect."

"What? Fifty per cent of the gross?"

"Dear me, no. Fifty per cent of what your press agent will say you're paying me."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Poetry For Victoria.

The greatest bane of Queen Victoria's existence is the enormous amount of original "poetry" sent to her from all parts of the world. It is all read by her secretaries and the best of it submitted to her majesty and personally acknowledged. On the recent birth of the royal grandson nearly half a ton of manuscript verse was received at Windsor.

To Keep Horses From Balling Up.

There is a well known Detroit physician who has been looking for years for some plan to prevent snow "balling" on the hoofs of his horses. Yesterday he discovered what he has been looking for. For years he has tried every sort of device that he could conceive of or that had been brought to his attention by other people, but the snow was always "balling" up in the hoofs just the same, much to the danger of the horse and to his own discomfiture. Yesterday he was coming down Woodward avenue, and the same old trouble was wearing on his patience. Getting out of his buggy, he went into a drug store, and, asking for some drug he wanted, incidentally remarked that he would like something, too, that would prevent snow "balling" up on his horse.

"Well," said the druggist, "I should think you ought to know how to stop that." Giving the doctor two ounces of glycerin, he told him to divide it evenly on the four hoofs of his horse. The physician took the prescription and applied it as told. He drove on down town, and getting out looked at the horse to find that there was no snow whatever on any hoof. It seemed a complete cure.

Oil and lard have often been tried, but are opposed by veterinarians on the ground that they keep the moisture away from the hoof, thereby doing it injury. This fails of application to glycerin, for it will mix with water. It will not injure the hoof, and, it seems, will keep the hoof free from snow.—Detroit Free Press.

An After Effect.

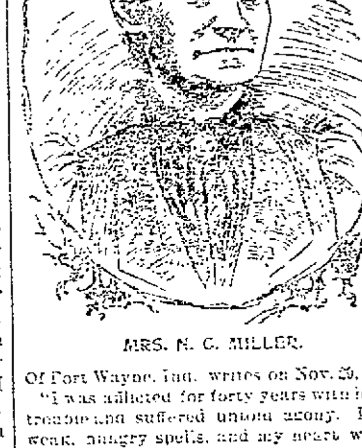
Mrs. Matchmaker—I wonder you do not make up to Miss Singleton. She's a splendid girl, a bargain for any man who gets her.

Tom Ailey—Did you ever notice that a bargain is almost always disappointing when you get it home?—Boston Transcript.

Heart Disease Cured

By Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

Fainting, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation, Choking Sensation, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, are symptoms of a diseased or Weak Heart.

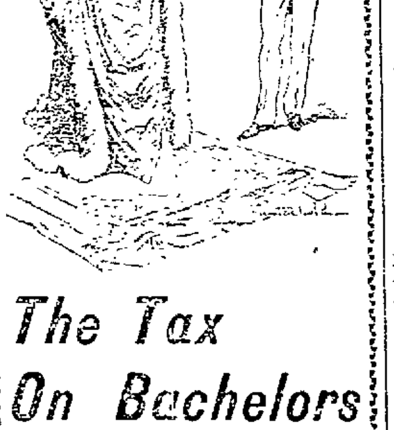


MRS. N. C. MILLER.

Of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes on Nov. 29, 1894. "I was afflicted for forty years with heart trouble and suffered untold agony. I had weak, hungry spells, and my heart would palpitate so hard, the pain would be so acute and torturing, that I became so weak and nervous I could not sleep. I was treated by several physicians without relief and gave up ever being well again. About two years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Remedies. One bottle of the Heart Cure stopped all heart troubles and the Restorative Nervine did the rest, and now I sleep soundly and attend to my household and social duties without any trouble.

Sold by druggists. Book sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.



The Tax On Bachelors

BY

Effie W. Merriman

Is a Twentieth Century tale of that good time coming when we shall have a rousing tax on bachelors. Contrary to our usual custom we here give our readers a glimpse of the story's ending:

Read the Entire Story in This Paper

Soon to Appear in this Paper. Watch for it.

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CURES | Colic, Coughs, Cramps, Colds, Influenza, Sore Throat, etc.
HEALS | Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Bites, Scratches, etc., etc., et

SMELLS GOOD. TASTES GOOD. DOES GOOD.

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Original and Only Genuine.



SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

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It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men regain lost manhood; old men recover youthful vigor. Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self abuse or excesses and indiscretion. Wards off insanity and consumption. Don't let druggist impose a worthless substitute on you because it yields a greater profit. Insist on having PEFFER'S NERVIGOR, or send for it. Can be carried in vest pocket. Prepaid plain wrapper, $1 per box, or 6 for $5, with A Positive Written Guarantee to Cure or Refund the Money. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists. Address PEFFER MEDICAL ASS'N, Chicago, Ill.

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N. Y., L. E. AND W.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

CITY DEPOT.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8:35 am	No. 12	4:30 am
No. 5	10:03 am	No. 16*	12:20 pm
No. 3	10:50 pm	No. 8	10:40 pm
No. 27 (local)	8 00 am	No. 38 (local)	3.40 pm

Nos. 37 and 38 run between Galion and Dayton only.
No. 16 runs to Salamanca only.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

C. AND E. DIVISION.

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

WEST.		ARRIVE.	
No. 1	9.01 am	No. 12	4:15 am
No. 5	10:15 am	No. 2	5:10 pm
No. 3	11:25 pm	No. 8	10:35 pm
No. 33	12:56 pm	No. 32	12:00 noon

Nos. 33 and 32 run between Marion and Lima only. Nos. 1 and 2 run daily except Sundays, and stop at all stations.

[In effect 12:00 m. Sunday, Oct. 20 1895.]

BIG FOUR.

EAST.		WEST.	
No. 36	9:10 am	No 11	6:15 am
No. 2	5:25 pm	No. 3*	11:30 am
No. 18	10:57 pm	No. 35	4:30 pm
No. 54 local	3:56 pm	No. 55 local	11:55 am

No. 11, daily, stops at LaRue.
No. 3, daily except Sunday, makes local stops.
No. 35, daily, makes local stops.
No. 36, daily, stops at Caledonia.
No. 2, daily except Sunday, makes local stops west of Galion.
No. 18, daily, does not make local stops.
Local, daily except Sunday.

[In effect Dec. 15.]

C., H. V. and T.

(BUCKEYE ROUTE)

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6:51am	No. 30	7.52am
No. 33	10 05am	No. 34	1.15pm
No. 35	4:30pm	No. 32	4.43pm
No. 37	10:20pm	No. 30	5.33am

Trains 31 and 34 daily except Sunday.

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E GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

ERVINE TONIC

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omach AND Liver Cure

Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great rican Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the public.

medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indi-yspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive e stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strength-e life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a wn constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in nt and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption er used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nerv-females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical own as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine most constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will n safely over the danger. This great strengthener and cura inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen the remedy each year.

A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

	Broken Constitution,
Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
ache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
eakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
hills,	Loss of Appetite,
	Frightful Dreams,
Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
hoking,	Weakness of Extremities and
es,	Fainting,
of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
spondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
ss,	Scrofula,
Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
ss of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
s of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
he Heart,	Liver Complaint,
Back,	Chronic Diarrhea,
dité,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

Summer Complaint of Infants.

ese and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

the most every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been equal with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and ... effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most ... Nine tenths of all the ailments to which the human ... are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired diges-... is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a ... of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the ... nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the ... food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments ... disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all ... which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the ... first of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not con-... sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair ... our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. ... reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. ... American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the ... elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts ... universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86. ... South American Medicine Co.: ... I desire to say to you that I ... for ... years with a very serious ... of the ... nerves. I tried every ... but nothing done me ... good until I was advised to ... South American Nervine Tonic ... Liver Cure, and since using ... I must say that I am sur-... wonderful powers to cure the stom-... and nervous system. If everyone ... this remedy as I do you would ... supply the demand. ... Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

...hter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine ... is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. ... I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is ... remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH.

Indiana, ...mery County, } ss:

...scribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

... now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever ... for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of ... and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of ... stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal... one who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex... and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ... cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There ... of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the ... curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

... of Waynetown, Ind., says: "... the Great South American ... to be ... for five months from ... stomach, Indigestion, ... and general shattered ... Had given up ... had tried three doc-... the first bottle of the Nerv-... so much that I was able to ... bottles cured me entirely. ... best medicine in the world. I ... it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

... SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy com-... American Nervine as a wonderous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all ... Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to ... It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to ... wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the mid-... to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon. ... the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American ... and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this ... it puts the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, ... your disabilities and weaknesses.

... 18 ounce Bottles, $1.25; Trial Size, 15 Cents.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

... purchasing six large bottles from our advertised agent at ... entitled to one bottle free. If not kept by druggists order direct

...es for $5.00 Dr. E. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Sold only by W. B. FOYE, DRUGGIST, Marion, O.

A NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON OF REJOICING.

Christ Is Arising From the Abuse of the World—His Name the Most Popular on Earth—Scoffers Have Become Worshipers—Infidels Return to God.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—This sermon sounds the note of triumph, a note that all will be glad to hear in these times, when so many are uttering and writing jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Talmage took as his text Genesis xlix, 10, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities 53 miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Pretore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintius Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi Pharisee, secondly, by Johannes, rabbi, thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismas. The name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to excruciation. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archeologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day, that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it and under it the inscription, "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth today is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshipers. Of the 20 most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day 16 have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—16 out of the 20. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C. or A. D.—B. C., before Christ, A. D., Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B. C., A. D. I do not care what you call him—whether Conqueror or King or Morning Star or Sun of Righteousness or Balm of Gilead or Lebanon Cedar or Brother or Friend or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the Tranquilizer, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Gathering Around Christ.

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done; there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said; there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written; there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought! I must somehow get things readjusted. I must somehow have the past reconstructed. There are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh, never be anxious about the future; better be anxious about the past! I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front—mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh," says some man, "I have for 40 years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh," says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse! Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you? Oh, the grace of God which bringeth salvation!

God's Mercy Immeasurable.

The grace of God! Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Aye, you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorns beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains he says, "Past finding out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners—David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the prodigal son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will gather around Christ as a sympathizer. Oh, we all want sympathy! I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But, alas, for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas me, who can stand under those griefs? Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else! It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that came to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish bitten come into this refuge! The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles and all these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts and persuade us it is well!

Christ's Sympathy.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a collar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says, "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for 30 years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy! The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often when we are in appalling need of it no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes, and his teeth set, and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens. Yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart, and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour barrel, "The Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe: "Consider the lilies of the field. If God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?"

Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says: "Be off! Never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation or get down on her knees before the governor begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous allurement and impatient of parental restraint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and farther away until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

A Glorious Saviour.

Oh, there is something beautiful in sympathy—in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnaped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed tonight? How if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were tonight carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her, why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said, "Thank God!" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh, what a God! What a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction.

La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere 16 months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that 1,500 worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Ticubora, of 12,000 inhabitants only 26 people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon in five minutes 60,000 perished, and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them, and 214,000 perish that day. Alas, alas, for our poor world! It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the tablelands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and their cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the tablelands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance, but archæologists have found out it was history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archeologists, and the Challenger, and the Dolphin, and the Gazelle have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent.

The Rock of Ages.

Oh, there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora and the fauna! Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort, and they are found not in the Brahma of the Hindoo or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this rock of ages will never be shaken from its foundations. The same Christ who fed the 5,000 will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to him shall the gathering of the people be." Ah, my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world it will not take him long to lift it.

I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and, all hands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over 40 years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. That work for which in this world we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors. We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah, yea, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple; those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier; those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude; those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God; those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as a Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine as well as Christ's, he the conqueror, we shouting in his train. Christ the victor will pick out the humblest of his disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory he shall point her out for approval by the multitude as he says, "She did what she could." Then patting his hand on the head of some man, who by his industry made one talent do the work of ten, he will say: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfillment of this promise.

Gathering of the People.

There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and St. Mark's, and the Winter palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Oh, what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens, and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." But failing in that I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors; arch of Trajan, arch of Titus, arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent or star or eagle or lion or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark, the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs and the shout of the riders! Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

> While everlasting ages roll
> Eternal love shall feast their soul
> And scenes of bliss forever new
> Rise in succession to their view

Force of Air Waves.

Professor Boys of London recently delivered an illustrated lecture in which he showed photographs of the Lee-Metford bullet as it passed through a quarter inch sheet of glass. Just before the bullet touched the sheet the air wave cut a disk of glass about half an inch in diameter clean out. At the same time the glass around the hole was crushed into powder and driven back at an extremely rapid rate. The glass stuck to the bullet for a short time after it had passed through, the disk being driven out in front of the "bow wave." In this experiment the waves caused by the vibrations of the glass were plainly shown. A photograph of the bullet after it had cleared the glass by 9 inches showed the remainder of the glass intact, but when the bullet had proceeded another 16 inches the sheet of glass was seen to break and fall in fragments.

Gracious Royalty.

A workman who was recently sent down to Osborne with a bicycle for one of the young Battenbergs addressed Princess Beatrice as "Mum," and on leaving remarked cheerfully, "Good evening, mum," and "Good evening, sonnie." The course of nature continued as before and the workman was not even beheaded.—New York Times.

Definite Information Wanted.

"The cause of his death," said the physician, "was heart failure."

"That was what I supposed," replied the young man. "Most of us die of heart failure, but what I am anxious to learn is, what caused his heart to fail."—Chicago Post.



IN getting up a wedding trousseau, think how many women are tired out: Dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," milliners—all hard-worked and weary over it; to say nothing of *the* young lady herself. Sitting or standing all day is the hardest kind of work; it gives you no healthy well-balanced exercise; part of the body is overworked and the rest of it is under-worked. The system grows sluggish; the appetite is poor, the stomach is out of order; the bowels are constipated, you have headaches and dizzy spells. It's impossible for you to take as much out-of-door exercise in the daylight as you need. The best help you can have in the circumstances is a simple laxative medicine like Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will, as nearly as any medicine can, supply the want of free exercise which is lacking in all in-door's work. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation in a pleasant, gradual, natural way. There is no griping or weakening effect with the "Pleasant Pellets;" they act surely but gently; they promote liver-action, and give tone and strength to the stomach and intestines to do their own work. When you become regular the "Pellets" can be stopped. You don't have to take them forever. *The cure is permanent.*

Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are small sugar-coated granules; agreeable to take. Children like them. If the druggist wants to sell you some other pills that pay him better, just think *of what pays you.* You will receive a sample package free if you will send your name and address to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, By R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, a book of 1008 large pages, over 300 illustrations, some of them in colors, bound in strong paper covers will be sent to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only.* Over 680,000 copies of this complete family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50.

CHANGES OF FASHION.

Olympic Goddesses In Balloon Sleeves. Suitability of Fashions.

While the rumors of smaller sleeves were really rumors they were of little consequence, but now that the best Parisian modistes are modifying the amplitude to an appreciable extent matters begin to look serious. There has been a great deal of ridicule expended upon the immense sleeves that have been universal for a year or so, but no more than was drawn out by tight sleeves, jerseys, bustles, big hats, little bonnets, high heeled shoes, common sense shoes, and, in fact, every fad or fancy that has ever prevailed in general attire. But big sleeves have had their advantages, and when they are finally extinct men will wonder why women seem to have such large waists and narrow shoulders. Bouffant arm coverings have the unique quality of being becoming to both too fat and too slender women. They made the waist of the stout woman look smaller and the shoulders of the slender one look wider. When they go, they will be regretted by that large number of women who would rather look pretty than appear classically correct, if they cannot do both, which few persons can. It is all very well to say that the Venus of Melos would look out of place in



VISITING COSTUME.

large sleeves if she had any arms upon which they could be displayed, but she would appear no more incongruously attired in immense sleeves and a godet skirt than would the modern woman in a Greek peplos. Antique drapery is as unsuited to the energetic, progressive, practical modern age as is the attire of the nineteenth century to the stately, reposeful and unintellectual dwellers on Olympus. Put the twentieth century woman in an idyllic environment, where there are no social, industrial, spiritual or intellectual labors to perform, surround her with the soft Grecian climate, and she will soon discard la mode de Paris, forgetting why it ever existed ... upon the lotus or drink nectar, ... as one or the other is provided ... is so situated, however, she wh... and enterprising as her forbears, ... their advantages and disadvantages, ... slavery of fashion being among the latter.

The sketch shows a visiting gown of blue velvet. The foot of the skirt is trimmed with three bands of marten, and the upper part of the bias sleeves is similarly adorned. The bodice is of white satin embroidered all over with black. It has a short, ripple basque and opens over a vest of accordion plaited white mousseline. The fronts of the bodice are edged with fur, and it fastens across the vest by two straps of satin with paste buttons. The standing collar is covered with three ruffles of mousseline.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Impossible.

"Why," demanded the editor, "do you introduce such impossible situations? Here, for instance, you say a woman was comfortably but not stylishly dressed. How absurd!"

And art, thus made conscious of its error, departed with diminished head.—Detroit Tribune.

All There Yet.

"I see," remarked Mrs. Hashcroft at the breakfast table, "that the coffee crop of Honduras has been seriously reduced by two unusually dry seasons."

"That's odd," replied the star boarder. "I never noticed a scarcity of water in the coffee."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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THE COMEDY OF WAR.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE UNION SIDE.

Private O'Halloran, detailed for special duty in advance of the picket line, sat reclining against a huge red oak. Within reach lay a rifle of beautiful workmanship. In one hand he held a blackened brier root pipe, gazing on it with an air of mock regret. It had been his companion on many a weary march and on many a lonely day, when, as now, he was doing duty as a sharpshooter. But it was not much of a companion now. It held the flavor, but not the fragrance, of other days. It was empty, and so was O'Halloran's tobacco pouch. It was nothing to grumble about, but the big, laughing Irishman liked his pipe, especially when it was full of tobacco. The words of an old song came to him, and he hummed them to himself:

There was an ould man, an he had a wooden leg,
An he had no terbacky, nor terbacky could he beg;
There was another ould man, as keen as a fox,
An he always had terbacky in his ould terbacky box.

Sez one ould man, "Will yez give me a chew?"
Sez the other ould man: "I'll be dommed of I do.
Kape away from the ginmills an save up yer rocks,
An ye'll always have terbacky in yer ould terbacky box."

What with the singing and the far-away thoughts that accompanied the song, Private O'Halloran failed to hear footsteps approaching until they sounded quite near.

"Halt!" he cried, seizing his rifle and springing to his feet. The newcomer wore the insignia of a Federal captain, seeing which O'Halloran lowered his weapon and saluted. "Sure, sor, ye're not to mind me capers. I thought the inimy had me complately surrounded—I did, upon me sowl."

"And I," said the captain, laughing, "thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O'Halloran of the sharpshooters. I have heard of you—a gay singer and a great fighter."

"Sure it's not for me to say that same. I sings a little bechwane times for to kape up me sperits, an takes me chances, right an lift. Ye're takin a good many yourself, sor, so far away from the picket line. If I make no mistake, sor, it is Captain Somerville I'm talkin to."

"That is my name," the captain said.

"I was touchin elbows wit' ye at Gettysburg, sor."

The captain looked at O'Halloran again. "Why, certainly!" he exclaimed. "You are the big fellow that lifted one of the Johnnies over the stone wall."

"By the slack of the trousers. I am that same, sor. He was nothin but a bit of a lad, sor, but he fought right up to the end of me nose. The men was jabbin at 'im wit' their bay'nets, so I sez to him, says I, 'Come in out of the inclemency of the weather,' says I, an thin I lifted him over. He made at me, sor, when I put 'im down, an it took two men for to lead 'im kindly to the rear. It was a warm hour, sor."

As O'Halloran talked he kept his eyes far afield.

"Sure, sor," he went on, "you stand too much in the open. They had one muddlehead on that post yesterday; they'll not put another there today, sor." As he said this the big Irishman seized the captain by the arm and gave him a sudden jerk. It was an unceremonious proceeding, but a very timely one, for the next moment the sapling against which the captain had been lightly leaning was shattered by a ball from the Confederate side.

"'Tis an old friend of mine, sor," said O'Halloran; "I know 'im by his handwritin. They had a muddlehead there yesterday, sor. I set in full sight of 'im, an he blazed at me twice; the last time I had me fist above me head, an he grazed me knuckles. 'Bedad,' says I, 'ye're no good in yer place,' an when he showed his mug I plugged 'im where the nose says howdy to the eyebrows. 'Twas no hurt to 'im, sor; if he seen the flash, 'twas as much."

To the left, in a little clearing, was a comfortable farmhouse. Stacks of fodder and straw and pens of corn in the shuck were ranged around. There was every appearance of prosperity, but no sign of life, save two bluebirds, the pioneers of spring, that were fighting around the martin gourds, preparing to take possession.

"There's where I was born." The captain pointed to the farmhouse. "It is five years since I have seen the place."

"You don't tell me, sor! I see in The Hur'ld that they call it the civil war, but it's nothin but oncivil, sor, for to fight agin yer ould home."

"You are right," assented the captain. "There's nothing civil about war. I suppose the old house has long been deserted."

"Sure, look at the forage, thin. 'Tis piled up as nately as ye please. Wait till the b'ys git at it! Look at the smoke of the chimbly. Barrin the jay birds, 'tis the peacefulest sight I've seen."

"My people are gone," said the captain. "My father was a Union man. I wouldn't be surprised to hear of him somewhere at the north. The day that I was 18 he gave me a larruping for disobedience, and I ran away."

"Don't spake of it, sor." O'Halloran held up his hands. "Many's the time I've had me feelin's hurted wit' a bar'l stave."

"That was in 1860," said the captain. "I was too proud to go back home, but when the war began I remembered what a strong Union man my father was, and I joined the Union army."

"'Tis a great scheme for a play," said the big Irishman solemnly.

"My mother was dead," the captain went on, "my oldest sister was married, and my youngest sister was at school in Philadelphia, and my brother, two years older than myself, made life miserable for me in trying to boss me."

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Halloran. "Don't I know that same? 'Tis meself that's been along there."

Captain Somerville looked at the old place, carefully noting the outward changes, which were comparatively few. He noted, too, with the eye of a soldier, that when the impending conflict took place between the forces then facing each other, there would be a sharp struggle for the knoll on which the house stood, and he thought it was a curious feat for his mind to perform, to regard the old home where he had been both happy and miserable as a strategic point of battle. Private O'Halloran had no such memories to please or to vex him. To the extent of his opportunities he was a man of business. He took a piece of white cloth from his pocket and hung it on the broken sapling.

"I'll see, sor, if yon chap is in the grocery business."

As he turned away there was a puff of smoke on the farther hill, a crackling report, and the hanging cloth jumped as though it were alive.

"Faith, it's him, sor!" exclaimed O'Halloran, "an he's in a mighty hurry." Whereupon the big Irishman brushed a pile of leaves from an oilcloth strapped together in the semblance of a knapsack.

"What have you there?" asked Captain Somerville.

"Sure, 'tis me grocery store, sor. Coffee, tay an sugar. Faith, I'll make the devil's mouth water like a baby cuttin his stomach tathe. Would ye mind comin along, sor, for to kape me from swindlin the Johnny out of all his belongin's?"

CHAPTER II.

ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

Three men sat in a gully that had once been a hillside ditch. Their uniforms were various, the results of accident and capture. One of them wore a very fine blue overcoat which was in queer contrast to his ragged pantaloons. This was Lieutenant Clopton, who had charge of the picket line. Another had on the uniform of an artilleryman, and his left arm was in a sling. He had come out of the hospital to do duty as a guide. This was Private John Fambrough. The third had on no uniform at all, but was dressed in plain citizen's clothes, much the worse for wear. This was Jack Kilpatrick, scout and sharpshooter—Happy Jack, as he was called.

How long since the gully had been a ditch it would be impossible to say, but it must have been a good many years, for the pines had grown into stout trees, and here and there a blackjack loomed up vigorously.

"Don't git too permiscus around here," said Happy Jack as the others were moving about. "This ain't no fancy spot." He eased himself upward on his elbow and made a swift but careful survey of the woodland vista that led to the Federal lines. Then he shook down the breech of his rifle and slipped a long cartridge into its place. "You see that big poplar over yonder? Well, under that tree there's a man, leastways he ought to be there, because he's always hangin around in front of me."

"Why don't you nail him?" asked Fambrough.

"Bosh! Why don't he nail me? It's because he can't do it. Well, that's the reason I don't nail him. You know what happened yesterday, don't you? You saw that elegant lookin chap that came out to take my place, didn't you? Did you see him when he went back?"

Lieutenant Clopton replied with a little grimace, but Fambrough said never a word. He only looked at Kilpatrick with inquiring eyes.

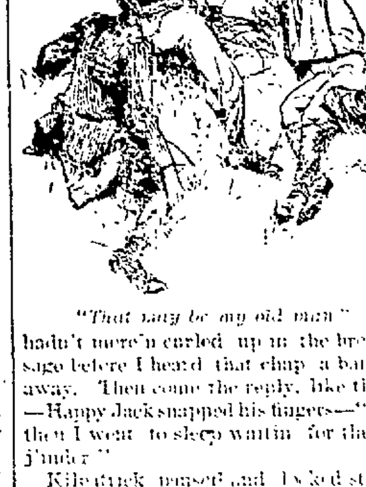
"Why, he was the nicest lookin man in the army—hair combed, clothes brushed and rings on his fingers. He was all the way from New 'leans, with a silver mounted rifle and a globe sight."

"A which?" asked Fambrough.

"A globe sight. Set down on yourself a little further, sonny," said Happy Jack. "Your head's too high. I says to him, says I, 'Friend, you are goin where you'll have to strip that doll's stepladder off'n your gun and come down to business,' says I. I says, says I, 'You may have to face a redheaded, flannel mouthed Irishman, and you don't want to look at him through all that machinery,' says I."

"What did he say?" Fambrough asked.

"He said, 'I'll git him.' Now, how did he git him? Why, he come down here, lammed aloose a time or two, and then hung his head over the edge of the gully there, with a ball right spang betwixt his eyes. I went behind the picket line to get a wink of sleep, but I



"That may be my old man"

hadn't more'n curled up in the broom sage before I heard that chap a bangin away. Then come the reply, like this"—Happy Jack snapped his fingers—"and then I went to sleep waitin for the rej'inder."

Kilpatrick paused and looked steadily in the direction of the poplar.

"Well, I'm dog my cats! Yonder's a chap standin right out in front of me. It ain't the Mickey neither. I'll see what he's up to." He raised his rifle with a light swinging movement, chirruped to it as though it were a horse or a little child, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but Fambrough laid his hand on the sharpshooter's arm.

"Wait," he said. "That may be my old man wandering around out there. Don't be too quick on trigger. I ain't got but one old man."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Kilpatrick pettishly. "You reckon I don't know your old man? He's big in the body an wabbly in his legs. You've sp'iled a mighty purty shot. I believe in my soul that chap was a colonel, an he might 'a' been a general. Now that's funny."

"What's funny?" asked Fambrough.

"Why, that chap. He'll never know you saved him, an if he know'd it he wouldn't thank you. I'd 'a' put a hole right through his gizzard. Now he's behind the poplar."

"It's luck," Lieutenant Clopton suggested.

"Maybe," said Kilpatrick. "Yonder he is agin. Luck won't save him this time." He raised his rifle, glanced down the barrel and pulled the trigger. Simultaneously with the report an expression of disgust passed over his face, and with an oath he struck the ground with his fist.

"Don't tell me you missed him," said Clopton.

"Miss what?" exclaimed Kilpatrick scornfully. "If he ain't drunk, somebody pulled him out of the way."

"I told you it was luck," commented Clopton.

"Shucks! don't tell me. Luck's like lightnin. She never hits twice in the same place."

Kilpatrick sank back in the gully and gave himself up to ruminating. He leaned on his elbows and pulled up little tufts of grass and weeds growing here and there. Lieutenant Clopton, looking across toward the poplar, suddenly reached for the sharpshooter's rifle, but Kilpatrick placed his hand on it jealously.

"Give me the gun. Yonder's a Yank in full view."

Kilpatrick, still holding his rifle, raised himself and looked.

"Why, he's hanging out a flag of truce," said Clopton. "What does the fellow mean?"

"It's a message," said Kilpatrick, "an here's the answer." With that he raised his rifle, dropped it gently in the palm of his left hand and fired.

"You saw the hankcher jump, didn't you?" he exclaimed. "Well, that lets us out. That's my Mickey. He wants tobacco, an I want coffee an tea. Come watch me swap him out of his eyeteeth."

Then Kilpatrick went to a clump of broom sedge and drew forth a wallet containing several pounds of prepared smoking tobacco and a bundle of plug tobacco, and in a few moments the trio were picking their way through the underwood toward the open.

CHAPTER III.

ON NEUTRAL GROUND.

Matters were getting critical for Squire Fambrough. He had vowed and declared that he would never be a refugee, but he had a responsibility on his hands that he had not counted on. That responsibility was his daughter Julia, 22 years old, and as obstinate as her father. The squire had sent off his son's wife and her children, together with as many negroes as had refused to go into the Union lines. He had expected his daughter to go at the same time, but when the time arrived the fair Julia showed that she had a mind of her own. She made no scene, she did not go into hysterics, but when everything was ready she asked her father if he was going. He said he would follow along after awhile. She called to a negro, and made him take her trunks and bandboxes from the wagon and carry them into the house, while Squire Fambrough stood scratching his head.

"Why don't you make her come?" his daughter-in-law asked, somewhat sharply.

"Well, Susannah," the squire remarked, "I ain't been a jestice of the peace an a married man off an on for 40 year without findin out when to fool wi' the wimen folk an when not to fool wi' 'em."

"I'd make her come," said the daughter-in-law.

"I give you lief, Susannah, freely an fully. Lay your baby some'rs where it won't git run over, an take off your surplus harness, an go an fetch her out of the house an put her in the buggy."

But the daughter-in-law treated the courteous invitation with proper scorn, and the small caravan moved off, leaving the fair Julia and her father in possession of the premises. According to human understanding the refugees got off just in the nick of time. A day or two afterward the Union army, figuratively speaking, marched up, looked over Squire Fambrough's front palings, and then fell back to reflect over the situation. Shortly afterward the Confederate army marched up, looked over the squire's back palings, and also fell back to reflect. Evidently the situation was one to justify reflection, for presently both armies fell back still farther. These movements were so courteous and discreet—were such a colossal display of etiquette—that war seemed to be out of the question. Of course there were the conservative pickets, the thoughtful vedettes and the careful sharpshooters, ready to occasion a little bloodshed, accidentally or intentionally. But by far the most boisterously ferocious appendages of the two armies were the two brass bands. They were continually challenging each other, beginning early in the morning and ending late in the afternoon, one firing off "Dixie," and the other "Yankee Doodle." It was "Yankee Doodle, howdy do?" and "Doo- [illegible] Dixie," [illegible] like two chanticleers challenging each other afar off.

This was the situation as it appeared to Squire Fambrough and his daughter. On this particular morning the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were fluttering joyously in the budding trees. Miss Julia had brought her book out into the grove of venerable oaks which was the chief beauty of the place and had seated herself on a rustic bench that was built around one of the trees. Just as she had become interested she heard a rifle shot. She moved uneasily, but fell to reading again and was apparently absorbed in the book when she heard another shot. Then she threw the book down and rose to her feet, making a very pretty centerpiece in the woodland setting.

"Oh! what is the matter with everything?" she exclaimed. "There's the shooting again! How can I read books and sit quietly here while the soldiers are preparing to fight? Oh, me! I don't know what to do! If there should be a battle here, I don't know what would become of us."

Julia, in her despair, was fair to look upon. Her gown of striped homespun stuff, simply made, set off to admiration her strong but supple figure. Excitement added a new luster to her eye and gave a heightened color to the rose that bloomed on her cheeks. She stood a moment as if listening, and then a faint smile showed on her lips. She heard her father calling:

"Jule! Jule! Oh, Jule!"

"Here I am, father!" she cried. "What is it?"

"Well, the Lord he'p my soul! I've been huntin for you high an low. Did you hear that shootin? I 'lowed maybe you'd been took prisoner an carried bodaciously off. Didn't I hear you talkin to somebody?"

Squire Fambrough pulled off his hat and scratched his head. His face, set in a fringe of gray beard, was kindly and full of humor, but it contained not a few of the hard lines of experience.

"No, father," said Julia, in reply to the squire's question. "I was only talking to myself."

"Jest makin a speech, eh? Well, I don't blame you, honey. I'm a great mind to jump out here in the clearin an yell out my sentiments so that both sides can hear 'em."

"Why, what is the matter, father?"

"I'm mad, honey! I'm jest nachally stirred up—dog my cats ef I ain't! Along at fust I did hope there wouldn't be no fightin in this neighborhood, but now I jest want to see them two blamed armies light into one another, tooth an toe nail."

"Why, father!" Julia made a pretty gesture of dismay. "How can you talk so?"

"Half of my niggers is gone," said Squire Fambrough; "one side has got my hosses an t'other side has stole my cattle. The Yankees has grabbed my gristmill, an the Confeds has laid holt of my corncrib. One army is squattin in my tater patch an t'other one is roostin in my cow pastur'. Do you reckon I was born to set down here an put up wi' that kind of business?"

"But, father, what can you do? How can you help yourself? For heaven's sake, let's go away from here."

"Great Moses, Jule! Have you gone an lost what little bit of common sense you was born with? Do you reckon I'm a-goin to be a-refugeein an a-skeedaddlin across the country like a skeer'd rabbit at my time of life? I hain't afeared of nary two armies they can find room for on these hills! Hain't I got one son on one side an another son on t'other side? Much good they are doin too! If they'd 'a' felt like me, they'd 'a' fit both sides. Do you reckon I'm a-gwine to be drove off'n the place where I was born an where your ran'pappy was born an where your mother lies buried? No, honey!"

"But, father, you know we can't stay here. Suppose there should be a battle?"

"Come, honey, come!" There was a touch of petulance in the old man's tone. "Don't get me flustrated. I told you to go when John's wife an the children went. By this time you'd 'a' been out of hearin of the war."

"But, father, how could I go and leave you here all by yourself?" The girl laid her hand on the squire's shoulder caressingly.

"No," exclaimed the squire angrily; "stay you would, stay you did, an here you are!"

"Yes, and now I want to go away, and I want you to go with me. All the horses are not taken, and the spring wagon and the barouche are here."

"Don't come a-pesterin me, honey! I'm pestered enough as it is. Lord, if I had the big men here what started the war, I'd take 'em an butt their cussed heads together till you wouldn't know 'em from a lot of sp'iled squashes."

"Now, don't get angry and say bad words, father."

"I can't help it, Jule; I jest can't help it. When the fuss was a-brewin, I sot down an wrote to Jeems Buchanan an told him, jest as plain as the words could be put on paper, that war was bound to come if he didn't look sharp, an then when old Buck dropped out I sot down an wrote to Abe Lincoln an told him that coercion wouldn't work worth a cent, but conciliation"—

"Wait, father!" Julia held up her pretty hand. "I hear some one calling. Listen!"

Not far away they heard the voice of a negro. "Marse Dave Henry! Oh, Marse Dave Henry!"

"Hello! Who the nation are you hollerin at?" said Squire Fambrough as a youngish looking negro man came in view. "An where did you come from, an where are you goin?"

"Howdy, mistiss—howdy, marster!" The negro took off his hat as he came up.

"What's your name?" asked the squire.

"I'm name Tuck, suh. None er you all ain't seed nothin er Marse"—

"Who do you belong to?"

"I b'longs ter de Cloptons down dar in Georgy, suh. None er you all ain't seed nothin"—

"What are you doin here?" demanded Squire Fambrough, somewhat angrily. "Don't you know you are liable to get killed any minute? Ain't you makin your way to the Yankee army?"

"No, suh." The negro spoke with unction. "I'm des a huntin my young marster, suh. He name Dave Henry Clopton. Dat what we call him—Marse Henry. None er you all ain't seed 'im, is you?"

"Jule," said the squire, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, "ain't that the name of the chap that used to hang around here before the Yankees got too close?"

"Do you mean Lieutenant Clopton, father?" asked Julia, showing some confusion.

"Yessum." Tuck grinned and rubbed his hands together. "Marse Dave Henry is sholy a lieutenant in de company, an mistiss she say he'd 'a' done been a giner'l ef dey wa'n't so much enviousness in de army."

"I saw him this morning—I mean"—Julia blushed and hesitated. "I mean, I heard him talking out here in the grove."

"Who was he talkin to, Jule?" The squire put the question calmly and deliberately.

There was a little pause. Julia, still blushing, adjusted an imaginary hairpin. The negro looked sheepishly from one to the other. The squire repeated his question.

"Who was he talkin to, Jule?"

"Nobody but me," said the young lady, growing redder. Her embarrassment was not lessened by an involuntary "Eh—eh," from the negro. Squire Fambrough raised his eyes heavenward and allowed both his heavy hands to drop helplessly by his side.

"What was he talkin about?" The old man spoke with apparent humility.

"N-o-t-h-i-n-g," said Julia demurely, looking at her pink finger nails. "He just asked me if I thought it would rain, and I told him I didn't know, and then he said the spring was coming on very rapidly, and I said, 'Yes, I think it is.' And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked me if I would accept them, and I said, 'Thank you.'"

"Land of the livin Moses!" exclaimed Squire Fambrough, lifting his hands above his head and allowing them to fall heavily again. "And they call this war!"

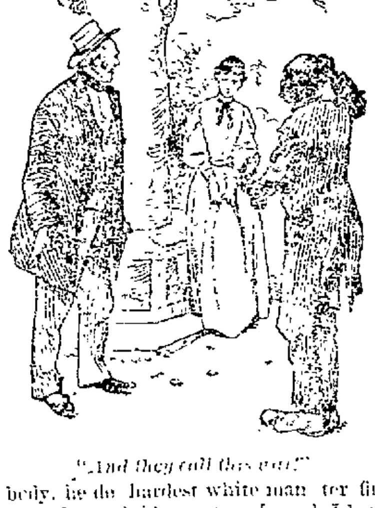
"Yessum!" The negro's tone was triumphant. "Dat sholy wuz Marse Dave Henry. War er no war, dat wuz him. Dat des de way he goes 'mongst de ladies. He gi'um candy yit, let 'lone flowers. Shoo! You can't tell me nothin 'tall 'bout Marse Dave Henry."

"What are you wanderin round here in the woods for?" asked the squire. His tone was somewhat severe. "Did anybody tell you he was here?"

"No, suh!" replied Tuck. "Dey tol me back dar at de camps dat I'd fin 'im out on de picket line, an when I got dar dey tol me he wuz out dis a-way, whar dey wuz some sharpshootin gwine on, but I ain't foun 'im yit."

"Ain't you been with him all the time?" The squire was disposed to treat the negro as a witness for the defense.

"Lor, no, suh! I des now come right straight fum Georgy. Mistiss—she Marse Dave Henry's ma—she hear talk dat de solyers ain't got no cloze fer ter w'ar an no vittles fer ter eat skacely, an she tuck'n made me come an fetch 'im a box full er duds an er box full er vittles. She put cake in dar yit, kaze I smelled it whiles I wuz handlin de box. De boxes, dey er dar at de camp, an here me, but wharbouts is Marse Dave Henry? Not ter be a-hidin fum some-



"And they call this war!"

body, he de hardest white man ter fin what I ever laid eyes on. I speck I better be knockin 'long. Goodby, marster; goodby, young mistiss. Ef I don' fin Marse Dave Henry nowheres I'll know what ter come an watch for 'im."

The squire watched the negro disappear in the woods, and then turned to his daughter. To his surprise her eyes were full of tears, but before he could make any comments or ask any questions he heard the noise of tramping feet in the woods, and presently saw two Union soldiers approaching. Almost immediately Julia called his attention to three soldiers coming from the Confederate side.

"I believe in my soul we're surrounded by both armies," remarked the squire dryly. "But don't git skeer'd, honey. I'm goin to see what they're trespassin on my premises for."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Actor's Demand.

"Now, as to the salary"—

"Fifty per cent is what I shall expect."

"What? Fifty per cent of the gross?"

"Dear me, no. Fifty per cent of what your press agent will say you're paying me."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Poetry For Victoria.

The greatest bane of Queen Victoria's existence is the enormous amount of original "poetry" sent to her from all parts of the world. It is all read by her secretaries and the best of it submitted to her majesty and personally acknowledged. On the recent birth of the royal grandson nearly half a ton of manuscript verse was received at Windsor.

To Keep Horses From Balling Up.

There is a well known Detroit physician who has been looking for years for some plan to prevent snow "balling" on the hoofs of his horses. Yesterday he discovered what he has been looking for. For years he has tried every sort of device that he could conceive of or that had been brought to his attention by other people, but the snow was always "balling" up in the hoofs just the same, much to the danger of the horse and to his own discomfiture. Yesterday he was coming down Woodward avenue, and the same old trouble was wearing on his patience. Getting out of his buggy, he went into a drug store, and, asking for some drug he wanted, incidentally remarked that he would like something, too, that would prevent snow "balling" up on his horse.

"Well," said the druggist, "I should think you ought to know how to stop that." Giving the doctor two ounces of glycerin, he told him to divide it evenly on the four hoofs of his horse. The physician took the prescription and applied it as told. He drove on down town, and getting out looked at the horse to find that there was no snow whatever on any hoof. It seemed a complete cure.

Oil and lard have often been tried, but are opposed by veterinarians on the ground that they keep the moisture away from the hoof, thereby doing it injury. This fails of application to glycerin, for it will mix with water. It will not injure the hoof, and, it seems, will keep the hoof free from snow.—Detroit Free Press.

An After Effect.

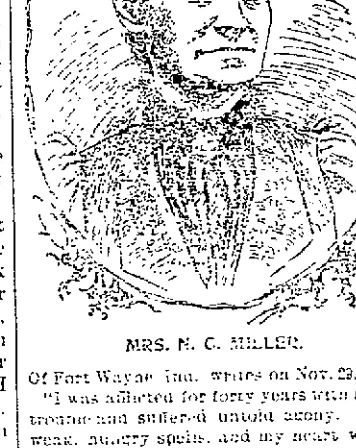
Mrs. Matchmaker—I wonder you do not make up to Miss Singleton. She's a splendid girl, a bargain for any man who gets her.

Tom Alley—Did you ever notice that a bargain is almost always disappointing when you get it home?—Boston Transcript.

Heart Disease Cured

By Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

Fainting, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation, Choking Sensation, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, are symptoms of a diseased or Weak Heart.



MRS. N. C. MILLER.

Of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes on Nov. 29, 1894: "I was afflicted for forty years with heart trouble and suffered untold agony. I had weak, hungry spells, and my heart would palpitate so hard, the pain would be so acute and torturing, that I became so weak and nervous I could not sleep. I was treated by several physicians without relief and gave up ever being well again. About two years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Remedies. One bottle of the Heart Cure stopped all heart troubles and the Restorative Nervine did the rest, and now I sleep soundly and attend to my household and social duties without any trouble."

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Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.



The Tax On Bachelors

by

Effie W. Merriman

Is a Twentieth Century tale of that good time coming when we shall have a rousing tax on bachelors. Contrary to our usual custom we here give our readers a glimpse of the story's ending:

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It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men regain lost manhood; old men recover youthful vigor. Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self abuse or excesses and indiscretion. Wards off insanity and consumption. Don't let druggist impose a worthless substitute on you because it yields a greater profit. Insist on having PEFFER'S NERVIGOR, or send for it. Can be carried in vest pocket. Prepaid plain wrapper, $1 per box, or 6 for $5, with A Positive Written Guarantee to Cure or Refund the Money. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists. Address PEFFER MEDICAL ASS'N, Chicago, Ill.

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N. Y., L. E. AND W.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

CITY DEPOT.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8:35 am	No. 12	4:30 am
No. 5	10:00 am	No. 16*	12:52 pm
No. 3	10:50 pm	No. 8	10:50 pm
No. 37 (local)	8.00 am	No. 38 (local)	3.40 pm

Nos. 37 and 38 run between Galion and Dayton only.

No. 16 runs to Salamanca only.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

C. AND E. DIVISION.

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

WEST.		ARRIVE.	
No. 1	9.01 am	No. 12	4:15 am
No. 5	10:15 am	No. 2	6:10 pm
No. 8	11:25 pm	No. 8	10:35 pm
No. 33	12:56 pm	No. 32	12.00 noon

Nos. 33 and 32 run between Marion and Lima only. Nos. 1 and 2 run daily except Sundays, and stop at all stations.

[In effect 12:00 m. Sunday, Oct. 20 1895.]

BIG FOUR.

EAST.		WEST.	
No. 36	9:40 am	No. 11	6:15 am
No. 2	5:25 pm	No. 3*	11:00 am
No. 18	10:57 pm	No. 35	4:20 pm
No. 54 local	3:55 pm	No. 55 local	11:35 am

No. 11, daily, stops at LaRue.

No. 3, daily except Sunday, makes local stops.

No. 35, daily, make local stops.

No. 36, daily, stops at Caledonia.

No. 2, daily except Sunday, makes local stops west of Galion.

No. 18, daily, does not make local stops.

Local, daily except Sunday.

[In effect Dec. 15.]

C., H. V. and T.

(BUCKEYE ROUTE)

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6:53am	No. 36	7:50am
No. 33	10:05am	No. 34	1:15pm
No. 35	4:30pm	No. 32	4:45pm
No. 37	10:20pm	No. 30	5:35am

Trains 31 and 34 daily except Sunday.

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wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great rican Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the ublic

medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indi- yspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive he stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strength- he life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a own constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in ment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption ver used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nerv- f females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical own as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine most constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will n safely over the danger. This great strengthener and cura- inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen the remedy each year.

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ess,	Broken Constitution,
Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
lache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
eakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
hills,	Loss of Appetite,
	Frightful Dreams,
Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
hoking,	Weakness of Extremities and
ies,	Fainting,
n of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
spondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
ness,	Scrofula,
Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
ss of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
s of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
he Back,	Chronic Diarrhœa,
alth,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children.

Summer Complaint of Infants.

hese and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

ent for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been pare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and and its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most avelum. Nine tenths of all the ailments to which the human ken are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired diges- n there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a ate of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the rved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the ht food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the ffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not con ficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. h American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts niversal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86. South American Medicine Co.: —I desire to say to you that I for many years with a very serious tomach and nerves. I tried every could hear of, but nothing done me able good until I was advised to at South American Nervine Tonic and Liver Cure, and since using s of it I must say that I am sur- wonderful powers to cure the stom- al nervous system. If everyone e of this remedy as I do you would supply the demand. ... Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.	REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

ghter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Ner- he is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. ce. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is t remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all ervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH.

ndiana, mery County, } ss:

bscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

GESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of Stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal- ue who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex- al testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

...HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: ...to the Great South American ...been a bed for five months from ...exhausted stomach, Indigestion, ...tion, and a general shattered ...whole system. Had given up ...ting well. Had tried three doc- ...The first bottle of the Nerv- ...ed so much that I was able to ...ix bottles cured me entirely. ...the best medicine in the world. I ...d it too highly."	MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood, am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

...compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wonderous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all ...and Dyspepsia ...ervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to ...ole system are ...It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to ...great Ingre... wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the mid- ...negle... to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon: ...safe, ...the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American ...and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this ...put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks ...your disabilities and weaknesses.

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A NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON OF REJOICING.

Christ Is Arising From the Abuse of the World—His Name the Most Popular on Earth—Scoffers Have Become Worshipers—Infidels Return to God.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—This sermon sounds the note of triumph, a note that all will be glad to hear in these times, when so many are uttering and writing jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Talmage took as his text Genesis xlix, 10, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities 53 miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Pretore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismas. The name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to excruciation. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archaeologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day, that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it and under it the inscription, "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth today is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshipers. Of the 20 most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day 16 have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—16 out of the 20. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C. or A. D.—B. C., before Christ; A. D., Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B. C., A. D. I do not care what you call him—whether Conqueror or King or Morning Star or Sun of Righteousness or Balm of Gilead or Lebanon Cedar or Brother or Friend or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the Tranquilator, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Gathering Around Christ.

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done; there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said; there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written; there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought! I must somehow get things readjusted. I must somehow have the past reconstructed. There are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh, never be anxious about the future: better be anxious about the past! I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front—mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh," says some man, "I have for 40 years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh," says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse! Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says another man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you! Oh, the grace of God which bringeth salvation!

God's Mercy Immeasurable.

The grace of God! Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Aye, you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Marterhorns beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains he says, "Past finding out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners—David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the prodigal son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will gather around Christ as a sympathizer. Oh, we all want sympathy! I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But, alas, for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas me, who can stand under these griefs? Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else! It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that came to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish bitten come into this refuge! The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles and all these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts and persuade us it is well!

Christ's Sympathy.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says, "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for 30 years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy! The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often when we are in appalling need of it no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes, and his teeth set, and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens. Yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart, and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour barrel, "The Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe: "Consider the lilies of the field. If God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?"

Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says: "Be off! Never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation or get down on her knees before the governor begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous allurement and impatient of parental restraint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

A Glorious Saviour.

Oh, there is something beautiful in sympathy—in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnaped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed tonight? How if my little one—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—were tonight carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her, why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said, "Thank God?" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh, what a God! What a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction.

La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere 16 months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in 300 years 1,500 worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that 1,500 worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Ticuboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only 26 people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon in five minutes 60,000 perished, and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Goldan. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them, and 214,000 perish that day. Alas, alas, for our poor world! It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the tablelands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and their cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the tablelands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance, but archaeologists have found out it was history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archaeologists, and the Challenger, and the Dolphin, and the Gazelle have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent.

The Rock of Ages.

Oh, there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora and the fauna! Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort, and they are found not in the Brahma of the Hindoo or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this rock of ages will never be shaken from its foundations. The same Christ who fed the 5,000 will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to him shall the gathering of the people be." Ah, my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world it will not take him long to lift it.

I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and, all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over 40 years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. That work for which in this world we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors. We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah, yea, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple; those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier; those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude; those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God; those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as a Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine as well as Christ's, he the conqueror, we shouting in his train. Christ the victor will pick out the humblest of his disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory he shall point her out for approval by the multitude as he says, "She did what she could." Then patting his hand on the head of some man, who by his industry made one talent do the work of ten, he will say: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfillment of this promise.

Gathering of the People.

There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and St. Mark's, and the Winter palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the charger holding the stirrup as the King mounts. Oh, what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens, and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." But failing in that I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors; arch of Trajan, arch of Titus, arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent or star or eagle or lion or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark, the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs and the shout of the riders! Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

While everlasting ages roll
Eternal love shall feast their soul
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view.

Force of Air Waves.

Professor Boys of London recently delivered an illustrated lecture in which he showed photographs of the Lee-Metford bullet as it passed through a quarter inch sheet of glass. Just before the bullet touched the sheet the air wave cut a disk of glass about half an inch in diameter clean out. At the same time the glass around the hole was crushed into powder and driven back at an extremely rapid rate. The glass stuck to the bullet for a short time after it had passed through, the disk being driven out in front of the "bow wave." In this experiment the waves caused by the vibrations of the glass were plainly shown. A photograph of the bullet after it had cleared the glass by 9 inches showed the remainder of the glass intact, but when the bullet had proceeded another 16 inches the sheet of glass was seen to break and fall in fragments.

Gracious Royalty.

A workman who was recently sent down to Osborne with a bicycle for one of the young Battenbergs addressed Princess Beatrice as "Mum," and on leaving remarked cheerfully, "Good evening, mum," and "Good evening, sonnie." The course of nature continued as before and the workman was not even beheaded.—New York Times.

Definite Information Wanted.

"The cause of his death," said the physician, "was heart failure."

"That was what I expected," replied the young man. "Most of us die of heart failure, but what I am anxious to learn is, what caused his heart to fail."—Chicago Post.



IN getting up a wedding trousseau, think how many women are tired out: Dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," milliners—all hard-worked and weary over it; to say nothing of *the* young lady herself. Sitting or standing all day is the hardest kind of work; it gives you no healthy well-balanced exercise; part of the body is overworked and the rest of it is under-worked. The system grows sluggish; the appetite is poor, the stomach is out of order: the bowels are constipated, you have headaches and dizzy spells. It's impossible for you to take as much out-of-door exercise in the daylight as you need. The best help you can have in the circumstances is a simple laxative medicine like Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will, as nearly as any medicine can, supply the want of free exercise which is lacking in all in-door's work. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation in a pleasant, gradual, natural way. There is no griping or weakening effect with the "Pleasant Pellets;" they act surely but gently; they promote liver-action, and give tone and strength to the stomach and intestines to do their own work. When you become regular the "Pellets" can be stopped. You don't have to take them forever. *The cure is permanent.*

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are small sugar-coated granules; agreeable to take. Children like them. If the druggist wants to sell you some other pills that pay him better, just think of *what pays you.* You will receive a sample package free if you will send your name and address to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, By R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, a book of 1008 large pages, over 300 illustrations, some of them in colors, bound in strong paper covers will be sent to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only.* Over 680,000 copies of this complete family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50.

CHANGES OF FASHION.

Olympic Goddesses In Balloon Sleeves, Suitability of Fashions.

While the rumors of smaller sleeves were really rumors they were of little consequence, but now that the best Parisian modistes are modifying the amplitude to an appreciable extent matters begin to look serious. There has been a great deal of ridicule expended upon the immense sleeves that have been universal for a year or so, but no more than was drawn out by tight sleeves, jerseys, bustles, big hats, little bonnets, high heeled shoes, common sense shoes, and, in fact, every fad or fancy that has ever prevailed in general attire. But big sleeves have had their advantages, and when they are finally extinct men will wonder why women seem to have such large waists and narrow shoulders. Bouffant arm coverings have the unique quality of being becoming to both too fat and too slender women. They made the waist of the stout woman look smaller and the shoulders of the slender one look wider. When they go, they will be regretted by that large number of women who would rather look pretty than appear classically correct, if they cannot do both, which few persons can. It is all very well to say that the Venus of Melos would look out of place in



VISITING COSTUME.

large sleeves if she had any arms upon which they could be displayed, but she would appear no more incongruously attired in immense sleeves and a godet skirt than would the modern woman in a Greek peplos. Antique drapery is as unsuited to the energetic, progressive, practical modern age as is the attire of the nineteenth century to the stately, reposeful and unintellectual dwellers on Olympus. Put the twentieth century woman in an idyllic environment, where there are no social, industrial, spiritual or intellectual labors to perform, surround her with the soft Grecian climate, and she will soon discard la mode de Paris, forgetting why it ever existed, and feed upon the lotus or drink nectar, according as one or the other is provided. Unless she is so situated, however, she will be as busy and enterprising as her forbears, having their advantages and disadvantages, the slavery of fashion being among the latter.

The sketch shows a visiting gown of blue velvet. The foot of the skirt is trimmed with three bands of marten, and the upper part of the bias sleeves is similarly adorned. The bodice is of white satin embroidered all over with black. It has a short, ripple basque and opens over a vest of accordion plaited white mousseline. The fronts of the bodice are edged with fur, and it fastens across the vest by two straps of satin with paste buttons. The standing collar is covered with three ruffles of mousseline.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Impossible.

"Why," demanded the editor, "do you introduce such impossible situations? Here, for instance, you say a woman was comfortably but not stylishly dressed. How absurd!"

And art, thus made conscious of its error, departed with diminished head.—Detroit Tribune.

All There Yet.

"I see," remarked Mrs. Hashcroft at the breakfast table, "that the coffee crop of Honduras has been seriously reduced by two unusually dry seasons."

"That's odd," replied the star boarder. "I never noticed a scarcity of water in the coffee."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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SIX PAGES.

MONDAY - - - FEBRUARY 24

Senator Elkins denies that he is a candidate for the presidential nomination.

John L. Sullivan thinks the pugilists should organize and demand their rights. As we understand it, Maher got Fitzsimmons' right without demanding it.

Hon. M. D. Harter, whose suicide at Fostoria Saturday is regarded as a deep mystery and unaccounted for except upon the theory of temporary insanity, was a devoted friend and admirer of President Cleveland, and favored his nomination for a third term.

Major McKinley is constantly being referred to as the people's candidate, the workingmen's candidate, the manufacturers' candidate and the farmers' candidate. If this is so McKinley comes mighty near being the unanimous choice of the republican party, and leaves only the politicians against him.

Hundreds of women have been flocking to the Cincinnati jail to see Jackson and Walling, two of the most heartless criminals on record. None of the ladies, however, have as yet carried flowers to the murderers, but have contented themselves with a look at the men who could cut off a poor girl's head and carry it around in a valise to hide their crime. The flowers will probably come later.

The news of the death of Edgar W. Nye has been received by universal expressions of regret. As a humorist Bill Nye may not have reached that high standard attained by some, but there were none better known in America. Even the most obscure corners of the country knew of Nye, and his pleasant and fun-producing conceits brought many a hearty laugh in out-of-the-way places. His humor was always pure and wholesome, performing its mission of provoking a laugh without wounding by cutting sarcasm. Bill Nye will be greatly missed.

The Bucyrus Telegraph and Upper Sandusky Union are approaching a controversy as to which of their respective towns has the most favorable and economical route for the Ohio ship canal. The Union says:

The Columbus Dispatch on Tuesday published a map of the proposed ship canal from Sandusky to Portsmouth, which, if ever built, will go through Upper Sandusky. The map gives the route all right, but remarkable nerve or ignorance is displayed in the fact that where Upper Sandusky should appear is the name of Bucyrus. To get any ways nears Bucyrus the canal would have to make a crook like a condensed U—in fact, miss the direct route by several miles. The man that made that map had better go to school.

To the above the Telegraph makes reply as follows:

The truth is that when all data is compiled it will be found that the most economical and favorable route will lie within half a mile of Bucyrus, and will not strike anywhere near Tiffin or Upper Sandusky. The Telegraph over a year ago took the trouble of looking the matter up and secured some of the best expert authority on the subject of routes.

Our esteemed neighbors seem to forget that there are several "most feasible routes" for that canal. But why worry about them now? Let's talk about the coming of the millennium.

Prohibition Convention.

The Prohibitionists of Marion county will hold a mass convention in Marion, at the W. C. T. U. room, on south State street, Wednesday, March 4th, 1896. Morning session 10 a. m., afternoon session 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention, to be held at Findlay, Ohio, April 21-22, and to reorganize the county for active work, and any other business that may come before the meeting. Come, every Prohibitionist, and help in this good work. By order of executive committee.

MATILDA C. SEARCH, Sec'y.

WARD PRIMARIES.

Republicans To Meet Thursday Night To Elect Delegates.

Republicans of the various wards will meet Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, to elect delegates to the county convention, to be held Saturday, February 29. The primaries will be held at the following places:

First ward, at court house.

Second ward, at J. A. Wolford's law office.

Third ward, at the council chamber.

Fourth ward, at Geo. D. Copeland's law office.

Obituary.

SHOWERS—Mrs. Ollie Hover Showers was born in Marion county, Ohio, Dec. 7, 1861, and died at the W. C. A. hospital in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Feb. 13, 1896.

By the death of her mother she was left an orphan in very tender years. Naturally of a frail physical frame hers was an unequal contest with disease, in which a weaker will and less hopeful spirit might have yielded long before this.

She was married to her now bereaved husband, J. W. Showers, Dec. 31, 1881, and became the mother of four children, two of whom preceded her to the spirit world and two remain with their father to mourn their loss in her death.

She loved her family and for their sakes, in the hope that she might be spared to them, she cheerfully submitted to the ordeal which proved too great a strain for her strength and under which in the fullness of consciousness she sank to rest.

Early in life she professed conversion and united with the M. E. church. Later by removal with the Evangelical church and we lay her body away in the hope that her faith in Christ was saving faith.

Some Other Day.

EDITOR STAR:—I see in Saturday's STAR that Physical Director Whyte, of the Y. M. C. A., proposes to use Decoration Day for "out-door athletic sports," "foot races," "hurdle races," etc." The G. A. R., from its national and state departments, has issued its solemn protest against any such desecration of the day. This is the Nation's Sabbath. It is emphatically the G. A. R. day, to be used by them in memory of those "who so freely gave their lives for the land they loved." Would Mr. Whyte dance over the grave of his mother? Just so dear to to every G. A. R. man is the memory of his fallen comrade. Such a proposition coming from a christian association is certainly in bad taste.

CHAPLAIN.

GOTHAM'S 25,000 CROOKS.

Charles Dudley Warner Says That Numbers of Men Live Only For Crime.

Charles Dudley Warner of the Prison Association of New York spoke to the League For Political Education on the subject "Relation of Citizen to Criminal" the other afternoon. In part he said:

"We find most of the men of the country more anxious to make money than to preserve the safety of the state. It is a race between the thief and the burglar and the business man to see who will get there first. We have a plenitude of professional thieves, who rob by violence. Here in New York it is calculated that there are from 20,000 to 25,000 professional men, so called, whose purpose in life is to commit crime for money. They do nothing else but commit crime. They go in and out of prison with more regularity than anything else.

"It would be better for New York to apprehend all its criminals and to shut them up in the Waldorf hotel at $8 per day. The citizens would be then saving money. With all our outlay we are obliged to barricade our houses and live in absolute fortresses."

The speaker said he believed in unlimited sentences in reform schools where the criminals are turned out only when they are cured and taught trades or professions to earn honest livelihoods. He said most criminals were morally and physically diseased and should be doctored.

Eight Hundred Dollars For a Prize Hog.

The largest price ever paid for a single hog in the United States—$800—was brought by King Medium at the recent sale of the famous Tally Ho herd of Poland Chinas on J. A. Gouson's Norwood farm in Summit township, O'Brien county, Ia. The rest of the herd, 40 in number, brought a total of $2,800, or an average of $70 a head.

Heir to Half a Town.

Captain Henry Fisher has just fallen heir to the undivided half interest of the town of Otis, Rush county, Kan. The tract of platted land contains 240 acres. It is on the Missouri Pacific railroad. A vein of coal underlies the town, which has 150 inhabitants.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

QUITE NEAR A CRISIS.

But the Threatening Clouds Rolled By.

SIR JULIAN WAS OFFENDED.

Scheme Which the Youngsters of the Senate Hatched—But the Veterans Won. The McKinley Movement and the Claims of Mr. Reed's Friends.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—[Special.]—Last week there came near being a crisis in the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Secretary Olney threatened to give Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British embassador, his passports, and Sir Julian, on his side, was quite ready to receive them and to quit the country rather than to submit to certain matters which had been imposed upon him by the state department. It is fortunate that intelligence concerning this crisis did not leak out to the newspapers at the time, for publicity might have added to the complications and made more difficult the work of adjusting them to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Origin of the Trouble.

The trouble had its origin in the desire of Secretary Olney to have the Mexican minister here act as an intermediary between this government and the British government in bringing about a settlement of the Venezuela affair. At the request of Mr. Olney, so the story goes, Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, obtained the consent of his government to act in that role, and then called upon the British embassador and suggested that he (the embassador) cable his government for instructions to treat with Minister Andrade of Venezuela for a settlement of the Uruan incident and for a resumption of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and Great Britain.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was offended at this, and to some extent at least lost his temper, sending back to the secretary of state through Mr. Romero a reply which was not as diplomatic as it might have been. When Mr. Olney received this reply and heard some of the criticisms which the embassador had passed upon him, he, too, became wrathy, and for a short time there was trouble on the face of the moon. If Sir Julian had been the representative of some little power, or if there had not been a serious difficulty already pending between the two governments, it is not improbable Mr. Pauncefote would have received his passports. Had this occurred there would have been a fine sensation indeed. On both sides of the Atlantic war would have been regarded as inevitable, and war might indeed have easily followed. Such an unfortunate misunderstanding would have made a hundredfold more difficult the task of arranging matters peaceably so far as the Monroe doctrine is concerned.

Leave to Withdraw.

Happily the ruffled tempers soon became smoother, and it was not many days before, through the good offices of some members of the diplomatic corps, peaceful negotiations were resumed. It is understood Sir Julian asked leave to withdraw the remarks he had made concerning the secretary of state, and Mr. Olney, not to be outdone in generosity, admitted that everything was as before. But for a day or two it is actually true that the peace of the two nations hung in the balance all on account of a misunderstanding between two distinguished diplomatists.

The young men of the senate say they have not abandoned their plan to have the appropriation bills in that body divided around among a large number of committees. They failed in this a week or two ago, when a vote was reached and the old senators won out by a large majority. But it is understood that this result was more a tribute to senator Allison than a settlement of the vexed question on its merits. In the senate the appropriations committee is the most powerful of all committees. It practically runs the senate so far as the expenditure of public funds is concerned. Its influence extends far beyond matters of expenditure, for the power which its members wield over the bills in which senators are interested is so great that every one is anxious to propitiate the men who sit upon that great committee. In this way a senator who holds membership in the appropriation committee is about three times as powerful as one who does not, and the result is that this committee really forms a little coterie in the upper branch of congress which comes pretty near to having everything its own way. The scheme which the youngsters of the senate hatched up was to have the various appropriation bills divided up among other committees, thus depriving the appropriation men of most all their power.

Mr. Allison's Popularity.

Probably it would have been successful had it not chanced that Senator Allison, the chairman of the committee, was a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Allison is very popular in the senate, and his friends at once declared that if power were taken away from him on the eve of the national convention that would be construed as an act of enmity. When the matter was put in this form, many senators whose sympathies had been with the youngsters and their scheme drew out, and the veterans were able to win. But the plan has only been post[poned] till after the presidential election. In the senate there is a large and widespread impression that Mr. Allison stands a good chance to be in the White House after the 4th of March, 1897, and for this reason some senators were anxious not to do anything that would offend him.

In the current political gossip of the capital one hears that, while the McKinley movement is running strong through out the country, it is likely to result in the old score of the masses doing the shouting while the still politicians slip in and get the delegates. In support of this theory the friends of Mr. Reed and of other candidates point to Louisiana, to Georgia and to other states where, they say, the McKinley men were claiming everything in sight, but when it came to a test of strength the opposition bagged the delegates to the St. Louis convention. So, [illegible] over the country. [illegible] McKinley people, who declare that they [illegible] a fight, [illegible] that the [illegible] favorite son candidates [illegible] McKinley [illegible] to their favorite as soon as the candidates have had their complimentary vote. It is notice[able] that McKinley [illegible] the Allison [illegible] appear to [illegible].

WALTER WELLMAN.

CLEVELAND'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Trolley Company at Caldwell, N. J., Wants to Demolish It.

For the past two years the trustees of the First Presbyterian church at Caldwell, N. J., have been fighting the North Jersey Traction company, which is trying to get a franchise for a trolley road through the town, which, if granted, would necessitate the destruction of the birthplace of the president of the United States, Grover Cleveland. Other residents of Caldwell want the trolley, but as the trustees hold the right to a part of the principal thoroughfare and do not wish the road on account of the destruction of this memorable spot, matters in that usually quiet little borough are at present somewhat mixed.

The house where President Cleveland was born is the parsonage of the First Presbyterian church, over which his father presided at the time of Grover's birth.

It is a pretty wooden structure, two stories in height, and built after plans which at that time were considered the most approved. It sets back a little way from the road on Bloomfield avenue, one of the prettiest roads in New Jersey, and in a direct line, according to surveyors, with the tracks of the "deadly" trolley. As long ago as July, 1891, the fight was begun, and it is just now about to be settled.

The trolley people say that although they will not harm the church in any way, the road will have to run very close to it and directly over the spot which the parsonage occupies. They are determined to build the road, and have already an appraisal of the church parsonage, which is given as $100,000.

The directors of the Caldwell railway have now joined in the fight, and, strange to say, are endeavoring to secure the trolley company their franchise.—New York Journal.

A NOVEL TRIP.

Two Men Plan to Circle the Globe by Dog Power.

F. D. Kennedy of Grand Forks, N. D., is getting ready for a trip around the world, and expects to start within 30 days. On the trip he will be accompanied by a friend, W. H. Whitnall.

The journey will be made in a neat and serviceable bicycle wagon, drawn by four pairs of big Newfoundland dogs, each weighing from 160 to 200 pounds. The start will be made from Grand Forks in a light sleigh, which will be used as far as possible, and after that the bicycle wagon, with an aluminium box, will be brought into service.

Then the route will be direct to New York, where steamer will be taken for Liverpool and the principal points in the British isles visited. From there the trip will be made to the principal cities of the continent, then on to the orient and the shores of the Pacific.—Minneapolis Journal.

SPORT UP TO DATE.

Catcher Dick Buckley of the Philadelphias has begun his task of coaching the Pennsylvania university baseball candidates.

Before Tom O'Rourke left for the south he promised to give Charley Smith of England a chance to meet some good lightweight. Smith was a great favorite of the late Squire Abingdon. Smith says he is anxious to box anybody, and will not refuse any reasonable offer.

F. C. Ives' contract with the billiard academy at Madrid, made several months ago, has expired, and news comes that he and Albert Garnier, the Frenchman whose fancy strokes all admire, have joined hands to make a joint tour of Belgium and Holland. Ives may again return to America, but the date is uncertain.

The Amherst Athletic association has been invited to send a relay team to compete in an intercollegiate tournament of relay teams which the University of Pennsylvania is arranging, and which is to be held on April 23. As the Amherst team of this year is a very fast one, it is probable that the invitation will be accepted.

A new running circuit, composed of Indianapolis, Terre Haute and Elkhart, was formed at a meeting held at Indianapolis the other night. Columbus had been expected to join, but failed to send a representative. Toledo, Saginaw and Bay City may be taken in later. The first meeting will be at Terre Haute, beginning May 10.

Entries for the summer meeting of the Detroit Jockey club, Aug. 4 to 22, have been sent out in book form by Secretary Campbell. The list of nominations in each stake is large and contains the best horses in training in their classes in the west. Ramiro, Ben Brush and Prince Lief and Strathroy are prominent in the 3 year-old events. Ben Brush is in the International Derby, guaranteed to be worth $5,000, and the Campau stakes, worth $2,500. The International Derby for 1897 has 109 and the Campau stakes 110 nominations.

The American College association, consisting of Dartmouth, Williams and Amherst, held a meeting at Boston the other day and elected the following officers: R. R. Rollins of Amherst, president; R. W. Root of Williams, vice president; B. W. Couch of Dartmouth, second vice president; R. H. James of Dartmouth, secretary and treasurer. J. J. Brady of Hartford was selected as the umpire. The following schedule was arranged: May 6, Williams versus Amherst, at Williamstown; 15 and 16, Dartmouth versus Amherst, at Hanover; 20, Amherst versus Williams, at Amherst; 30, Williams versus Amherst, at Williamstown; June 5 and 6, Dartmouth versus Williams, at Hanover; 12 and 13, Dartmouth versus Amherst, at Hanover; 29 and 25, Amherst versus Williams, at Amherst.

CLEVELAND'S CHURCH

DR. ROSSITER SAYS HE IS "NEITHER CHRISTIAN NOR PRESBYTERIAN."

The Presbytery Dissents—The President Will Therefore Preside at a Meeting of the Home Missions Organization—About Unfermented Wine.

"Grover Cleveland does not stand as a Christian or a Presbyterian. We can't afford to introduce him as the leader at the big home mission meeting. He would attract a crowd, a rabble."

These were the words used by the Rev. Dr. Stealy B. Rossiter at the meeting of the presbytery of New York, held the other afternoon at the corner of Twentieth street and Fifth avenue, New York. The meeting had been harmonious up to that time. There had been considerable discussion over the admission to the presbytery of certain men whose work was not wholly confined to New York city. It was finally decided to admit those who received mail there.

Then Dr. Thompson made a report from the home missionary department.

The committee proposed, first, that special services be held at the chapel of the Presbyterian house on March 2, at which the elders and ministers of the church would be present and over which William E. Dodge would preside.

They also proposed that on the following day the Presbyterian ministers in the city should exchange pulpits and preach on home missionary work. Finally, on March 3, was to come a grand home missionary rally in Carnegie hall. At this Dr. John Hall was to act as temporary chairman and introduce President Grover Cleveland as the presiding officer. Addresses were to be made by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, B. T. Washington and T. De Witt Talmage.

As Cleveland's name was pronounced a murmur ran around the room. All the ministers and elders present assumed an air of interest.

Dr. Rossiter rose hurriedly to his feet and exclaimed: "Is he in earnest? Have we got to the condition where we have to depend on men's names to do the work of God?"

Dr. Thompson explained the work that Jackson had done in the west and Washington in the south and spoke highly of Dr. Talmage's eloquence and fervent spirit in the home missionary field.

"As for the national head of our country," he continued, "all I can say is that he"—

Applause interrupted his remarks, at the conclusion of which Dr. Smith got the floor and said he approved of the plans of the committee entirely. He knew that Mr. Cleveland was a good Presbyterian.

"I am sorry," said Dr. Ramsey, "that this has not been a secret session. I hate to have it go out to the world that we have made reflections on the head of the government. He has shown his sympathy with us, and we should accept it cordially. He has been a good Presbyterian. I have heard him in a public speech laud the Westminster catechism and praise the confession of faith. If he presides over our meeting, it will show people that the Presbyterians mean business; that they are acting on common sense lines."

"I am not opposing the plans of the committee," said Dr. Rossiter, earnestly and slowly. "God forbid that I should do that, but I want to enter a slight word of dissent. At the foreign missions meeting they had a former president as presiding officer. At the home missions meeting we propose to have an acting president as chairman. It looks as if we were trying to go them one better in public feeling. This fact will bring out certain political preferences that will tell upon the audience. I don't like it. Grover Cleveland does not stand as a Christian or a Presbyterian. We can't afford to introduce him as the leader at the big home missions meeting. He would attract a crowd, a rabble. We want earnest men, thoughtful men. We should hesitate before asking the president to be our leader."

Dr. Patterson said he thought the last remarks were sensible. He did not believe that it was proper to try to "go the foreign missions one better."

Dr. Shiland—I think that President Cleveland—

Dr. Wiley—I object. I don't think we should indulge in uncomplimentary remarks about the head of our nation.

"I didn't intend to make uncomplimentary remarks," replied Dr. Shiland. "I only wanted to say that I had heard him make good religious speeches."

After some further discussion the report of the committee was adopted, with five dissenting votes.

D. Stuart Dodge of the temperance committee made a report which contained the following words: "That sessions allow the use of unfermented wines only at the communion table. It is lamentable that many, who sorely need the sustaining comfort of the Lord's supper, are debarred because of alcohol in the sacramental cup. The adulterated compounds of modern commerce should be banished from the ordinance and their fumes no longer desecrate the house of God."

This created considerable discussion, in which Dr. Mallaily said he liked a good glass of wine himself and drank it. He thought it extremely [illegible] at the communion table. It was finally decided that the report should go out only as a recommendation.—New York Herald.

No, Nor Firing Them, Either.

An iron [illegible] for an engine weighing 69 tons was cast in one piece in Baltimore last week. There will be no difficulty about [illegible] the necessity arises.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

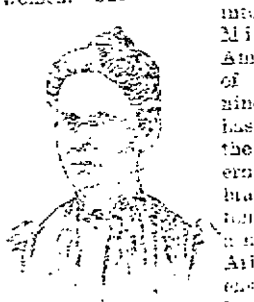
Kentucky Hospitality.

A dog fight was recently given at Swangdale in honor of a young lady visitor there.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BOOKS HER SPECIALTY.

Miss Ambrose of Northwestern University Ranks High as a Librarian.

Michigan has been prolific in "new women," but some of them have strayed into other states.



MISS AMBROSE.

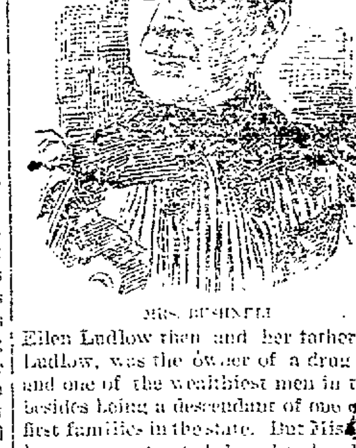
Miss Lodilla Ambrose is one of these. For nine years she has had charge of the Northwestern university library at Evanston, Ills. She is a native of Ann Arbor, the Athens of the west, but was educated in Evanston, having been graduated at the high school and then from the university, where the degree of Ph. B. was conferred upon her in 1887, and the corresponding master's degree in 1890 for special work. By that time Miss Ambrose had obtained a "higher education," but she kept right on studying, and now she probably knows more about books than any other woman in the country.

Libraries have been the specialty of Miss Ambrose. She is a member of the American Library association, a charter member of the Chicago Library club, and was one of the founders of the Illinois State Library association. During the summer of 1891 she made an extended tour of the country, visiting and studying the libraries of colleges, universities, cities and states. Miss Ambrose has made numerous and valuable contributions to the literature of bibliography. She published in The Library Journal in 1893 a paper, which was originally read before the Chicago Library club under the title of "Study of College Libraries," which brought out many expressions of praise from other prominent librarians. The same journal published other articles by Miss Ambrose, on "The German Literary Exhibit at the World's Fair," and "The Orrington Lunt Library." Miss Ambrose has made a specialty of collecting publications by the United States government and by the state governments. She has delivered a course of lectures on the use of libraries and introduced the "reserved book" system into the Northwestern university.

GOVERNOR BUSHNELL'S HELPMEET.

He Owes Much of His Prosperity to Her Influence and Assistance.

The wife of the new governor of Ohio is one of the few women who have grown old gracefully and she is almost as handsome at 60 as she was at 16, when she was the belle of Springfield. When she first met Asa Bushnell, he was a clerk in a dry goods store and was earning $5 a month. Her name was



MRS. BUSHNELL.

Ellen Ludlow then and her father, Dr. Ludlow, was the owner of a drug store and one of the wealthiest men in town, besides being a descendant of one of the first families in the state. But Miss Ludlow was attracted by the handsome young clerk, who always wore a smile and who was ever ready with a good natured and witty reply. Young Bushnell, encouraged by the friendship and admiration of the prettiest girl in town, made a desperate struggle to better his condition in life, and by studying nights learned to keep books. Then he secured a larger salary and asked Ellen to be his wife.

She consented. Dr. Ludlow then had a word to say. He reminded his daughter of her position in life, pointed out to her that she came of Revolutionary stock and advised her to choose a husband with better prospects in life than the poor bookkeeper who had asked for her hand. But Ellen said that she didn't care a rap about her family or her position. She loved Asa, he loved her, and they wanted to get married. Dr. Ludlow gave in after a time and made his son-in-law a partner in his business.

Mrs. Bushnell was a well educated young woman with refined tastes and had been accustomed to the luxuries of a wealthy home, but she bravely assisted her husband in his early struggles. When he finally succeeded and entered a manufacturing business that eventually made him a millionaire, she made the pretentious mansion which he built as much of a cheerful home as their humble cottage had been. She has always been as much of a leader in social circles as her husband has been in public affairs, but her domestic tastes have predominated.

Mrs. Bushnell is the mother of three grown children and four little ones call her grandmamma. One of her daughters, Mrs. J. T. Grew, is the wife of a rising lawyer, and the other, Mrs. H. C. Dimond, is the wife of a physician. Both live in Springfield near her. Her only son, John Ludlow Bushnell, is now 23 years old and a recent graduate of Princeton.

Growing Trees Moved the Church.

The foundation of a church at San Come, Guatemala, has been shifted several [illegible] by the growth of two large white gum trees.

The Richest Club.

The London Carlton club has about 4,000 members, and is the richest in the world.

THAT COAL COMBINE.

MAGNATES WILL REMAIN INACTIVE TILL THE STORM IS OVER.

Directors Hope the Dear Public Will at Last Become Reconciled to Their Plan. Morgan's Scheme to Consolidate Interests For the "Gentlemen's Agreement."

That the big anthracite coal monopoly is becoming frightened is evident from the fact that the permanent organization, which was agreed upon at the meeting of railroad presidents, has been given up for the time. It may be forgotten if the public becomes inactive, but if the fight is continued vigorously, the railroads will discreetly keep their permanent association in the background.

To run up the white flag has been a hard blow to the plans of the railroads, for the permanent organization was a pet scheme, and had gone so far that the name Anthracite Coal association had been decided on, and steps have been taken to make it on the same lines as the Joint Trunk association, formed by the trunk lines and their western connections. It is now understood that the Anthracite Coal association will remain under cover until, as the railroads hope, the people get used to the present arrangement.

If this can be continued, the coal men believe they can eventually get together on a permanent basis, thus forming a trust in fact. The farreaching effect of the "gentleman's agreement," under which prices are now being raised, is shown by the statement of Robert Goodbody, broker, at 39 Broad street, New York, who said with reference to the combine:

"It would seem as if the anthracite coal agreement was very likely to be stable. It is based largely on ownership of stocks by a few bi[g men] and [illegible] does [illegible] any official, for if these gentlemen feel it to be to their interest they can dismiss the offender, and probably will because they want a fair return for their money. They cannot, however, exact high prices on account of the competition of bituminous coal. This anthracite combination seems certain to help our market to higher prices in the long run."

By this and other expressions of Wall street men it is made apparent that J. Pierpont Morgan is counting on giving strength to the combine which his financial skill created by joining the interests of the various lines. The way in which the roads in the combine are allied is shown by the duplications in the boards of directors.

A study of the personnel of the directories of the various roads will show how closely the interests are allied, and therefore that a "gentleman's agreement" is as binding as if a bond to keep the agreement were signed by each railroad president. J. Pierpont Morgan is the moving spirit, and with the Reading under his control he is in a position to give advice that carries weight. He and the Vanderbilts and the First National bank party always work hand in hand.

The Vanderbilts control the Lackawanna, the New York and Susquehanna and the Delaware and Hudson, while the Erie is under their influence. The New Jersey Central is controlled by the First National bank party. A large part of the stock of the Pennsylvania and the New York, Ontario and Western is held by the English, and the impression prevails on the other side of the Atlantic that J. Pierpont Morgan is about the only thorough financier in this country. This gives him influence that was made apparent on the day the combination was made, when President Roberts opposed the terms until he got the tip from some one during the lunch hour that he ought to be satisfied.

Although the Lehigh Valley is independent, Mr. Morgan can get his opinions into the directory through Thomas McKean, a Reading man. Mr. Morgan's influence is made apparent by the presence in the Jersey Central directory of Edward D. Adams, who represented the Deutsche bank in the Morgan bond syndicate. Other directors are George F. Baker, president of the First National bank; James A. Garland, vice president of the First National bank, and Samuel Sloan, president of the Lackawanna.

With Chauncey M. Depew and Cornelius Vanderbilt in the Delaware and Hudson, the Vanderbilt and Morgan interests will be looked after, and Alexander E. Orr, a director of the road and the Erie, will try to see that the interests of both lines are looked after.

The president of the New York, Susquehanna and Western, A. L. Hopkins, is known as a Morgan representative. In the Erie one of the directors is C. H. Coster, a partner of Mr. Morgan in J. P. Morgan & Co., and others in the board are Abram S. Hewitt, a director of the New York and Greenwood Lake road, and Francis L. Stetson, the personal representative of Mr. Morgan who gained fame by drawing the contract between the Morgan-Belmont bond syndicate and the government.

It is reported that one of Mr. Morgan's plans is to get the interests of the various coal roads still further intertwined, and to keep on at the plan until the system is so complete that the coal carrying roads will be practically one corporation, with power to raise the price of coal to the limit of the people's endurance.—New York Journal.

To Invest a Million in Irrigation.

R. M. Springer of Chicago is at Pierre, S. D., on a tour of the state looking up the project of [artesian] wells for the purpose of [using] the water for irrigation. He says the projectors will put in $1,000,000 or more if favorable locations can be secured.

Not a Comic Opera, Surely.

"Jack the Ripper" is the [name of a] new opera about to be [produced in] Rome, music and words by [a] [illegible] named Gicina.

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OLD MAN'S DEATH.

...ge Wertz, Aged Eighty-four Years, Dies Sunday Morning.

...orge Wertz died Sunday morning ...5 o'clock at the home of his ...ghter, Mrs. Barney Moister, on ...rry street. Wertz resided on the ...rden City pike, but was taken ill ...e three weeks ago, and was re...ved to his daughter's home that he ...ht have better care.

...st winter during the cold weather ...rtz froze his feet and gangrene re...ted his feet being the worst afflict...

This, with his advanced years, ...ed his death.

...eceased was 84 years of age, and ...es a wife and family of grown up ...ldren. While he and his wife oc...ied the same house they had not ...ken to each other for fifteen years. ...he funeral occurred from the house ...afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

...e U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

...R RENT—A desirable home on east ...Church street, April 1. Inquire of E. ...ell, 71 east Church street. 71-tf

...R RENT—An eight-room house on east ...Center street, second house west of M. ...Church. Inquire at the Marion County ...k. 73tf

...R RENT—House of seven rooms and ...cellar, situate on south State street. ...Possession April 1st. Enquire of Mrs. ...Bell, 242 south State street.

...R RENT—Six or eight rooms, third ...floor, south of Union block. Inquire of ...Enos Booker, south Main street. 78tf

...R RENT—One back room opposite Ho...el Marion. Also from April 1st, one ...room opposite Hotel Marion, now oc...upied by Miss Bogart. Six rooms over drug ...store on east Center street, at $12.50, and two ...rooms on east Center street, at $8. W. B. Foye 76-tf-p

...WANTED—A gentleman desiring a ...good position can obtain one by pur...chasing a house and lot; two minutes' walk ...from court house and has all conveniences. ...Inquire of A. A. Rhoads or A. W. Bryant.

The Newest Things!

And the best time to select is now.

Newest Pattern Suits!
Newest Black Goods!
Newest White Goods!
Newest Silks!
Newest Neck Dressings!
Newest Kid Gloves!
Newest Under Muslins!
Newest Fads in Belts!
Newest Ribbons!

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COAL OR WOOD!

...ur new up-town office is in room of ...Marion Bazar.

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...e solicit your Coal and Wood or...s and believe we can satisfy you ...s.

...e can give prompt service.

...ou can order by 'phone or by calling ...up-town office at Bazar or at our ...de on Quarry street, west of Huber ...hs

ROSSCUP & PLANK.

MARION MINISTERS

ELOQUENTLY EXPOUNDED THE WORD OF GOD SUNDAY.

Rev. J. W. Armstrong Preached a Forceful Sermon at St. Paul's—Presiding Elder Snider Spoke at the U. B.—Large Attendances at the Services.

Rev J W. Armstrong preached at St Paul's Episcopal church both Sunday morning and evening.

In the morning Rev. Mr. Armstrong took his text from Matt. 4:1, "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted."

The speaker said that this formed one of the most remarkable passages in the new testament—the temptation of the Son of God by satan.

The portal by which our Lord entered upon his earthly ministry has two pillars—the baptism and the temptations. Consecration and probation were therefore the two elements in the Redeemer's inauguration.

Singularly enough the temptation follows straightway upon the baptism so as to establish the fact of a close connection between the two events. We may think this somewhat inconsistent with what we learn of God in the bible—"Neither tempted he any man."

It was necessary to the purpose of Christ's coming into the world that he should be tempted. It belongs to the virtue of Christ's position as one tempted that he was led into it by the spirit.

The greatest temptations are revealed in the highest spiritual experience, even as darkness by light. During the whole of the forty days of Christ's stay in the wilderness His temptation continued, though apparently it only attained its highest point at the last after the long fast when He felt the weariness and weakness of hunger.

The essence of these three great temptations resolved itself into the one question of absolute submission to the will of God which is the source and substance of all obedience.

The speaker then most eloquently dwelt upon the temptations, drawing word pictures such as have seldom before been portrayed in any pulpit in the city.

In conclusion the speaker said: "Have we not in all of this most instructive lesson real comfort and holy example? Christ's threefold temptations followed his baptism and so with us, too; so it is never superfluous for us to remember. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.' God's holy spirit is given to prepare us for service and trial is for good. There is no needless torment of the spirit in God's school. It is only in conflict that we learn anything. In the drama of life evil is ever near and success never far off. All must expect temptations for it is the common lot of mortals.

Let us all remember that we have the sympathy and may look for the succor of the high priest who was tempted as we are.

The revival services at the U. B church still continue with unabated interest. There have been over one hundred conversions up to Sabbath. Eighty-four have united with the U. B. church.

The second quarterly meeting was held Saturday and Sunday. Rev. A. Snider preached at 10:30 o'clock. He chose his text from Ezekiel, 34th chapter, 11th and 12th verses—"God's care of his own."

The sermon which was able and most impressive was directed chiefly to the young converts. Five persons united with the church, after which a most impressive communion service followed. Over two hundred persons partook of the sacrament.

H. S. LaCount, of Michigan, conducted the services at the Y. M. C. A. yesterday. Rev. LaCount spoke very forcibly on the evils and temptations of the young man, adding that though the evils are on every side he who will be free from sin has the promise of God for daily help and support besides eternal life.

Rev. D. B. Martin preached both morning and evening at the Free Baptist church to large congregations.

There was preaching at the State Street Baptist church both morning and evening, Sunday.

J. H. Hillman preached most effective sermons Sunday at the Epworth M. E. church.

Rev. W. G. Thomas preached at both services yesterday to large congregations.

Wayland and Nayler Arranged.

(Upper Sandusky Chief.)

Frank Wayland and Edward Nayler, who were indicted by the grand jury for grand larceny, charged with stealing furs from David Montee, at Little Sandusky, were arraigned before Judge Allen Smalley, in the court of common pleas, this morning. The indictment was read to the parties by Clerk Kirk and they each plead not guilty. Judge Smalley then set the date of their trial for Tuesday, March 3. The court appointed Benjamin Meek as counsel for Wayland, and Geo. H. Moffet as counsel for Nayler. Mr. Meek demanded a separate trial for his client, which was granted by the court, although both are set for the same day.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to return our thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly tendered their assistance at the funeral of my wife and our mother. We also wish to especially thank the employes of the Marion Steam Shovel company for their floral offering.

GEORGE HUFFORD.
MR. AND MRS. GEO. VONSTEIN.

"Pure and Sure."

Cleveland's BAKING POWDER

"I use it in my kitchen and class work."

EMMA P. EWING, *Principal Chautauqua Cooking School.*

FORREST'S MURDER.

TRACY JACKSON CONFESSES TO HAVING FIRED THE FATAL SHOT.

The Mystery Connected With the Bucyrus Murder Cleared—Jackson Is Identified and at Once Weakens—The Prisoner Taken to Bucyrus.

Sunday's Columbus Journal says:

Tracy Jackson last evening took another section of a journey that will land him eventually in the penitentiary. The issue in the case is a remarkable verification of the judgment of Superintendent Kelly in the matter, as that officer has all along held that the shooting of Claude Forrest was done by Jackson. Almost all of the other officers were of the opinion that the shot that did the killing was fired by Will Sherrard.

Prosecuting Attorney P. W. Poole, Sheriff John Keil, John Rettig and Kittie Cook, of Bucyrus, came to the city yesterday morning to see Jackson and if possible to identify him. They called at the prison and had a long conference with Superintendent Kelly. Rettig is the man for whom the fatal shot was intended, and Kittie Cook is the woman over whom the quarrel at first originated and one of the best eye-witnesses to the shooting. It was determined that several men should be fixed up at the prison and should stand in a row so as to make the task of identification as difficult as possible. This was done and six men were selected. They were placed in a row and Superintendent Kelly took KittyCook to see them first. The woman passed and glanced at the men. After looking at all of them she unhesitatingly pointed out Jackson and said that he was the man who did the shooting.

The next brought in was John Rettig. It was discovered on the eve of starting to the city yesterday morning that Rettig was a little shaky on the subject of identification and it was suspected that if the identification should depend on him alone he would go back on the state and refuse to identify. It was for this reason that the woman was sent in first. Rettig did not know what had been the result of her visit and consequently was at sea. He hesitated and finally ventured the statement that he did not know who the man was who did the shooting and that he was not certain about any of the men. He said the man who did the shooting wore a stiff hat. A hat was procured and tried on each man of the six. When it was placed on Jackson Rettig said he was the man.

Seeing that it was no use to deny the affair any longer, Jackson made a clean breast of it to Superintendent Kelly. Detective Mahoney and others and afterward told Director Williams all about it from his standpoint. He said that he had fired the shot that had killed the man and that he had done it in self-defense. He said that Rettig was about to strike him with a chair and that he had been crowded by Rettig from one corner of the room to another and that he had to draw his revolver to save his life. He said he did not intend to kill Rettig, only to disable him and keep him from striking him with the chair. He said that just as he pulled the trigger, Rettig, who was drunk, lurched aside and the bullet entered the breast of Forrest, who stood just behind Rettig, without Jackson's knowledge. He said that after firing the shot he and three of his companions had left the room and soon afterward a friend told them that the man had died in a few minutes after the shooting. They had then started to leave the town and had walked 35 miles that night, only laying down to sleep after the sun was away up in the sky. They traveled the next night also and after that they took to the railroad. The rest of their journeyings has been given.

Prosecuting Attorney Poole states that the family of the murdered man is one of the first families of Crawford county and were a pioneer family. They were a family of very great ability, some of the members of the family being prominent magazine writers and others of great literary fame in the East. The man who was killed was a very intelligent man but his failing was liquor. In speaking of the possibility of violence being offered to the prisoner when taken to Bucyrus, both the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff laughed. They said that if any violence were offered to the prisoner the Forrests would be the first people in the county to come to the assistance of the officers against a mob and would lay down their lives, if necessary, to assist in maintaining the supremacy of the law. Neither took any stock in the statement of Tracy Jackson that he was afraid to go to the city on account of threats that he had heard of violence to him if he ever came back to Bucyrus.

Before the party left for home Kittie Cook and Rettig both filed affidavits of identification with Clerk S. N. Cook of the police court. The party left at 8:05 last evening for Bucyrus, Jackson, securely handcuffed to Sheriff Keil. Before he left, however, a sister of Jackson called at the prison and told the officers to notify Jackson that his father is lying ill with consumption and that he would in all probability see him no more. The sister did not ask to see Jackson, neither did Jackson ask to be taken to see his father. Either of these requests in all probability would have been granted.

DEFEATED AT CRESTLINE.

Marion Polo Players Not In It at the Crawford County Village.

Charles Mock, Edson Campbell, Jack Clary and Fred Lutz, who went to Crestline to play polo Saturday, were obliged to take a defeat both afternoon and evening. The boys could not get together in the big rink, and the Crestline team made monkeys of them to a certain degree, and in the afternoon it came very near resulting in a whitewash. The afternoon game resulted in a score of five to one. The Marion team could not get an opportunity to drive the ball, and when they did the guards at Crestline's cage were always on the lookout.

The boys went at it with more confidence in the evening, and Mock and Lutz drove three goals, but that finished it. There was nothing more in sight for Marion, and just eight times the ball got past Campbell's fat legs and into the cage. This was the way it read at the close of the game, eight to three in favor of Crestline.

The boys received excellent treatment and were greeted by fair houses both afternoon and evening.

Harrison on Civil Service Reform.

In none of his papers upon "This Country of Ours" has ex-President Harrison delivered himself with such vehemence and emphasis as he has in the one in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "The President's Duties." Besides commending one of Mr Cleveland's acts, and censuring Ambassadors for making political speeches, he talks of Presidential appointments in a most feeling and in an almost pathetic way. Upon the latter theme, in giving endorsement to Civil Service Reform, he says: "In spite of all the difficulties that beset the question of removals and appointments it must be conceded that much progress in the direction of a betterment of the service has been made. The Civil Service Rules have removed a large number of minor offices in the departments at Washington, and in the postal and other services, from the scramble of politics, and have given the President, the Cabinet officers and the Members of Congress great relief; but it still remains true that in the power of appointments to office, the President finds the most exacting, unrelenting and distracting of his duties. In the nature of things he begins to make enemies from the start, and has no way of escape—it is fate; and to a sensitive man involves much distress of mind. His only support is in the good opinion of those who chiefly care that the public business shall be well done, and are not disturbed by the consideration whether this man or that man is doing it; but he hears very little directly from this class. No President can conduct a successful administration without the support of Congress, and this matter of appointments, do what he will, often weakens that support. It is for him always a sort of compromise between his ideal and the best attainable thing."

A Surprise Party.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. David Kraner, who reside three miles east of town, on the Claridon pike, was the scene of a pleasant social event Tuesday evening. About thirty of the friends of Mr. John Irey, a brother of Mrs. Kraner, assembled there in honor of his twenty-first birthday, without letting Johnny know that they were coming, but John was equal to the occasion, for he gave each of them a hearty hand shake, and said that he was "expecting them."

To say that the evening was spent in an enjoyable manner is saying the least. Games of all kinds were indulged in until a late hour, and Mr. Irey's friends presented him with a fine chair. Mr. and Kraner furnished an elegant supper.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets via the Buckeye Route

Will be sold to certain points in Alabama, Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia at extremely low rates of fare, on January 27 and 28, and February 10 and 11 and March 9 and 10. For full particulars as to rates, time of trains and information in general write to agents C., H. V. and T. Ry. or W. H. Fisher, G. P. and T. A., Columbus, O. 55-t38

Masonic Notice.

Special meeting of Marion Council, No. 22, R. and S. M., this evening, for work, and it is the desire of the Illustrious Master for good attendance. Two out-of-town candidates will be here to receive the degree. By order of

M. B. DICKERSON, T. I. M.

Have your grocer send you some of **Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolates** with your next order. Once tried, always used.

COURT IN SESSION.

JUDGE SMALLEY ON THE BENCH IN THE BELL CASE.

Noah C. Gast Files a Petition To Partition the Estate of Joseph Gast, Deceased. Court House Notes and News Picked Up for the Day.

Noah C. Gast this morning brought suit in the court of common pleas against Susananna A. Gast, widow of Joseph Gast, deceased. Emanuel B. Gast, Arminta Roads and B. J. W. Roads, her husband, to partition the estate of Joseph Gast, deceased.

The decedent died seized of 66 acres in Virginia military survey No. 5873 in the township of Prospect, also 38 acres in the same survey and lots 63, 64, 52 and 53 in the village of Prospect, excepting twenty feet off the north end of lot 53.

The plaintiff claims that he has a right to and is the owner of an undivided one-third of the estate and that E. B. Gast, a son, and Arminta Roads, a daughter of decedent, are tenants in common with him and each entitled to an undivided one-third of the estate subject to the dower estate of the widow.

The plaintiff alleges that there is sufficient personal property to pay all debt and claims against the estate and asks that partition may be made of the premises.

J. A. Wolford represents the petitioner.

The case of the Farmers and Mechanics Bank company against H. H. Bell and others, came up before Judge Smalley in the court of common pleas this morning. McNeal & Wolford appeared for the plaintiff and West & West, of Bellefontaine, and Geo. D. Copeland representing the defendants.

From the statement of the case it appears that The Marion County Importing company sold to the defendants a stallion for $2500, taking a note in payment which, before maturity, was sold and assigned to The Farmers and Mechanics Bank company, which sues upon the note.

The defendants claim that the horse was warranted to be a sure foal getter by the Importing company and that, to the contrary, it was not a sure foal getter and was practically worthless. The defendants claim that they gave notice to the company that the horse was worthless and that the bank had knowledge of this before it purchased the note given in payment for the horse as one of the officers of the bank was also a director of the importing company.

The case will probably occupy the greater part of two days.

William J. Weir, by his attorneys, Scofield, Darfee & Scofield, today made reply to the amendment to the answer of the defendants in the case of W. J. Weir against E. H. Day and others, in the court of common pleas.

Lewis N. Knight, by his attorney, M. B. Chase, today filed in the court of common pleas a petition in divorce against Emma J. Knight.

The plaintiff alleges that they were married at Marysville, July 4, 1887; that no children were born to the union; that, without fault on his part, the defendant on or about Sept. 15, 1887, left plaintiff without cause and has remained apart from him for the last eight years, wherefore he prays for a divorce.

New Brick Firm.

Clark Dix and the Mason Bros., Alfred and Thomas, have formed a partnership for the purpose of manufacturing brick.

The new firm has purchased ten acres of land, with an option on twenty-five acres more, just north of the Open woods on the east side of north State street, from the Mouser estate.

All the members of the new firm are old experienced brick men and hustlers in the business and there is no doubt but what the new firm will have orders to its capacity, 2,000,000 per year, as there is a great local demand for brick in this locality.

Heretofore Marion builders have annually, of late years, shipped into the city from two to three million brick and thus the new firm's output will fill a long felt want.

Y. M. C. A. Matters.

F. K. Gamble and the other Y. M. C. A. delegates who attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Mansfield last week have returned home and report a most interesting convention. Much business was transacted and it was decided to put a new man in the field in Ohio. L. L. Pierce, of Davenport, Iowa, was selected.

He is to commence his work at once, and will be in Marion on March 15 to assist in the services of the Y. M. C. A. Sunday. Mr. Pierce is a thorough Y. M. C. A. worker, and is very well liked wherever he has been.

It is expected that he will remain in this city for one or two weeks and perhaps longer. He will assist in awakening the interest in the local association.

TIMELY TINWARE.

Barrett's Bargain Store sells Tinware—First-class Tinware, and sells it cheap. Try the Bargain Store for Tinware.

Dish Pans	10c, 13c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c
Coffee Pots	8c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c
Covered Pails 1qt. 5c, 2qt. 8c, 3qt. 10c 4qt.	15c
Hunter's side crank Flour Sifters only	10c
Pie Tins 3c. Deep Jelly Cake Tins	4c
Range Teakettles only	15c
Wash Basins	5c, 8c, 10c
Muffin Pans, Gem Pans, Corn Cake Pans at	10c, 15c, 20c
Trays or Waiters, six styles, from	10c to 40c
Quart Measures 5c. Large Vegetable Graters	5c
Crumb Trays with Brush	25c and 35c
Dust Pans, full size, extra strong, only	8c
15c half covered Dust Pan—this week	10c
Large decorated chamber Pails, extra heavy	35c
Extra heavy tin Teaspoons 6 for	5c
Extra heavy tin Tablespoons 6 for	10c

In addition to the above we have a very complete assortment of Ladles, Dippers, Strainers, Saucepans, Stew Pans, Pudding Pans, Dairy Pans, Etc., all at the lowest possible prices.

Dry Goods and Notions.

Best Cambric, 10 colors, white to black, yd.	5c
15c Silesia or Waist Lining per yard	12c
Best quality Cotton Bats, large rolls,	7c
10c Towels for 5c. 15c Towels for	10c
Best Dresden Saxony, black, white, cream, pink, orange, yellow, etc., regular price 10c, our price	7c
Corset Steels, black, white or drab, per pair	5c
Children's heavy ribbed, fast black, seamless, cotton Hose, all sizes, clear up to a boy as big as his father, regular 15c goods, per pair only	10c

We are headquarters for Hosiery and have the largest assortment for men, women and children—cotton or woolen—at lowest prices.

Matches—Another big lot of those celebrated best parlor Matches, 12 boxes, 200 in a box, for 10c
Tooth Picks, per box, Jap 3c, hard wood 5c, polished 7c
Men's Gloves and Mittens at cost to close out.
Jet Trimming 5c and 10c per yd., worth double.
Six large red bandana Handkerchiefs for 25c

We can save you money on Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Notions. Store open every evening until 8 o'clock

BARRETT,

113 S. Main Street.

COAL!

BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL at

Telephone No. 6. Linsley & Lawrence's.

HABERMAN HARDWARE.

Tools and Bicycles, 107 S. Main, Marion, Ohio.

P. R. MILLER,

STOVES, RANGES, MANTELS, AND TILE.

MARION ROOFING WORKS.

131 S. MAIN ST.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Agent for the Economy Furnace. Get my Prices.



DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, O.

Wholesaled and retailed at L. Denison & Co.'s

The PRENDERGAST LUMBER & COAL CO.

PHONE 8

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF LUMBER AND COAL

OUR SPECIALTY EVERYTHING

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

New Goods ARE ARRIVING EVERY DAY.

500 Yards fine French Serge in elegant colors, splendid width and good quality, 8 yards for..... $1.98

Silk and Wool Plaids for Waists, just in, at popular prices—every pattern a gem.

38-Inch fine Pure Mohair Brilliantine with satin figure, 8 yards for $3.19

FINE SILK AND WOOL CREPONS—BLACK.
FINE SILK AND WOOL NOVELTIES—BLACK.

50-Inch wide Wool Storm Serge. 75cts
50-Inch fine Cravenettes Waterproof. $1 00
54-Inch fine Mohair Cravenettes Waterproof $1.25

75 PIECES WOOL CARPETS ARRIVED TODAY.
10 PIECES 5-4 LINOLEUMS ARRIVED TODAY.

111 N. Main St. D. YAKE.

SMOKELESS COAL

JUST THE NICEST YOU EVER SAW.

Also Pittson Egg and Chestnut,
LeHigh Valley--all sizes, Scranton--all sizes,
And Massillon, Raymond City, Sedalia and Hocking Coal

AT S. E. DeWOLFE'S.



A Needleful

of Willimantic Spool Cotton is a test of the whole spool. The end of the spool is the same as the beginning. It stands every test for strength, evenness and uniformity of quality. Try

Willimantic ★ Star Thread

on your machine and see if there isn't better results; try it for mending and see if it doesn't stand the wear and tear better than any you ever used. It is stronger than linen; better than silk for ordinary use. Ask the dealer for it.

Send 24 cents and receive six spools of thread any color or number, together with four bobbins for your machine, ready wound, and an interesting book on thread and sewing, Free.

WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

COAL

L. B. GURLEY
Sole Agent for
Sunday Creek Coal
Office North of Jail.
TELEPHONE NO. 87

NEW
WINTER GOODS.

Williams & Leffler

THE LEADING TAILORS,

Have now in stock all the Newest Designs, Colors and Mixtures. A great variety of Plain Goods, in all makes, which they will make up at the lowest possible prices, consistent with first-class workmanship. Satisfaction is always given.

Real Estate BARGAINS.

FOR TERMS AND PRICES ENQUIRE OF

FRED W. PETERS,

Office on N. Main St., over Deposit Bank.

A cozy residence of 7 rooms, close to the business center of the city, south of the residence of Mrs. M A Peters, on south Prospect street.

The residence of Mrs. M. A. Peters, on south Prospect street, containing 10 rooms and bath room, with all modern improvements.

200 lots in Ivanhoe Addition for sale cheap.

A tract of land, on Jefferson street, of 3 and 37-100 acres.

An 8 room house on Delaware avenue with two cellars, one 18x28 and one 14x22, 125 barrel cistern, waterworks in house and yard. Barn 18x24 with slate roof. Cash payment of $1200 down and the rest to suit purchaser.

FOR
FIRE
INSURANCE
—GO TO—
Ault & Kling

LOCAL MENTION.

Full Queen Esther rehearsal tomorrow night. 1p

The new Vestibule Nice lunches day and night. 79t3

The celebrated Maple Hill lump coal for sale by Linsley & Lawrence Telephone No. 6 33-tf

At the Marion Bazar a discount of 10% will be given on all 101 piece dinner sets for the balance of February 73-etftwklt

The Young People's Society of the Evangelical Protestant Salem church will meet tomorrow, Tuesday evening, at the home of Jr. J. Blaich, on Bellefountaine avenue

There will be a meeting of the Druids at their hall Thursday evening at seven o'clock. A good attendance is requested, as special work is to be taken up. By order of secretary.

Money saved is money made! You can save 20 per cent. by buying street car tickets in place of paying cash fares Children and adult tickets always on sale at Flocken's drug store. 75-e-t6

SICK AND CONVALESCENT.

Miss Jennie Grubb is reported quite sick

Martin Uncapher was taken ill again Sunday

Mrs. W. J Blair is among those on the sick list.

Michael Murphy was taken ill at his home on Parids street Sunday

Mrs. Louisa Wolbert, of Lincoln avenue is confined to her home with lung fever.

ROYAL Baking Powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report.

SHOOTS HIS FRIEND.

HORRIBLE TERMINATION OF WHAT WAS INTENDED AS A JOKE.

Verge Everly Assumes the Character of a Highwayman To Frighten Orlando DeWees and Receives a Bullet in His Breast—Little Hope of His Recovery.

Verge Everly lies at the point of death, the victim of a practical joke, which he himself attempted to play upon one of his warmest friends and most confidential chums.

Sunday evening Verge Everly, John McGowan and another companion attended the Epworth M E church. All the boys reside in the neighborhood of the stone quarries and after the services proceeded home. They had nearly reached their home, and when at the end of Lee street where it intersects with the Garden City pike and within a few feet of the residence of U S.Wyckoff—it was about 11 o'clock—and the boys noticed Orlando DeWees and Miss Mollie Everly, an aunt of Verge's coming, from Samuel Blair's house, on Lee street, where they had spent the evening,and were proceeding home. McGowan and his companions noticed the couple, and McGowan proposed that they frighten DeWees and make him believe that they intended to hold him up They all consented.

Everly grabbed a thirty-eight calibre gun from McGowan, saying, "I will do the scaring myself," and stepped back of a tree. The other two boys walked a short distance and secreted themselves back of another tree.

Miss Everly noticed their actions and warned DeWees by calling his attention to the proceedings. This put him on his guard and he reached for his revolver By this time he had come up to the tree where Everly was hiding. As he came up Everly jumped out from behind the tree and demanded him to throw up his hands and give him his money or his life. DeWess never said a word, but raised his revolver and quick as a flash fired at Everly, the ball striking him in the breast.

The other two boys were nearly frightened to death, as was also Miss Everly, and in a second it flashed through DeWees mind that he had shot Everly. Everly started to run toward the Wyckoff residence, and as he did so he cried, "John, you have caused my death," and at the same time crying that he had been shot.

His screams and the report of the revolver aroused the neighborhood, and soon the occupants of the Wyckoff house ran into the yard and met Everly He was taken into their house, and it was found that he was badly injured and perhaps dying

Dr. W. S. Wells was summoned, and after he had arrived at the house Drs. Hamilton, Denman and Uhler were called They found that the ball had entered the center part of the breast, and it is believed that it cut through the right lung. They made a small incision but could not find the ball To probe for it meant death, and while it is hardly believed that he will recover there are apparent slight chances.

Orlando DeWees, who did the shooting, deeply deplores the unfortunate affair He was of the opinion that he had been attacked by a highwayman and shot purely in self defense. John McGowan and the other boy are equally grieved. It was McGowan who proposed the joke, and he says he is to blame for the horrible affair

Young Everly does not blame DeWees He says that he did a foolish thing, and that he was to blame for the entire thing, and does not want to have DeWees arrested

Verge Everly is nineteen years of age, and is the son of William Everly, who resides nearly a mile north of where the accident occurred. DeWees is older than Everly, and is a son of E S. DeWees. The boys have always been very intimate and worked together at the lime kilns

The physicians are of the opinion that the boy cannot recover. It is possible that the ball has lodged in Everly's back When a Star reporter called at the Wyckoff home this forenoon Everly was resting very easily He said that he did not blame DeWees and that he was to blame himself, and that he did a very foolish thing DeWees could not be found at the time, but it is known that he is nearly frantic over the affair, although he was defending himself when he pulled the trigger that sent the ball into the breast of his friend

Everly has been conscious during the entire time since he was hurt. He is not allowed to talk much, and his friends are at his bedside. Everything that could possibly save life is being done for him.

Real Estate Transfers.

Joel B. Patten to Mary E Patten, tract of land in Green Camp township, $5800

William E Scofield, Martha J Scofield Geo. B. Scofield and Oda M. Scofield to Anna M Fawcett and Minnie E. Cline, part of lot 7 in John Ballentine's first addition to Marion

H P Feaster and wife to A J Jones, tract of land in LaRue, $4000

Elsie Schlegel to Matilda Hoffman, 37½ acres in Richland township, $1125.

Evan Hughes, assignee of Amos C. Mounts, to Benjamin B Boxwell, 156 70 acres in Pleasant township, $1150.

Katharine M Gorton to William J. Gorton, Jr., tract of land in Marion, $1000

Orley Hensell to Wm Hensell, 50⅔ acres in Grand township, $400.

When ordering Cocoa and Chocolate be sure and ask for Huyler's. They have no superior.

HE WAS ROBBED.

George Welch, a Machinist, Held Up at Richwood.

George Welch, a machinist, was robbed at Richwood Saturday night, at what is known as Beem's crossing. The robbery was very likely planned in this city. Welch has been working in Newark, Ohio, and came home to visit his parents He came to this city over the C., H. V. and T., and while waiting at Marion Junction for train 3 became acquainted with a couple of strangers. He told them he was on his way home. A freight pulled out, and it is believed that the two strangers got onto it to go to Richwood.

Welch went on home on train 3, and after getting off the train was accosted by two fellows who put a revolver in his face and went through his pockets. He had fifty dollars taken from his pocket. After they had taken his money they started him down the pike and told him to keep his mouth shut.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Rev J. F. Lewis, of Mt. Gilead, will speak at the State street Baptist church tonight.

The Alba Heywood company have arrived in the city, and will be the attraction at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium this evening.

The Tic Tacs have secured the Y. M. C. A. auditorium to give their minstrel performance in On Tuesday evening there will be a full rehearsal with orchestra

George Cheney will leave in a few days on a business trip to Russia in the interest of the Marion Steam Shovel company. He will remain there for some little time.

The hearing on the petition to sell real estate of Henry Frederick, deceased, which was to have occurred in the probate court this morning, was continued until March 16.

The remodeling of the Blue Front clothing store was commenced this morning and will be rushed through in order that the Foye room may be occupied as early in April as possible.

The paper for the Tic Tac minstrels was put up today and it is as fine as any ever posted in the city The designs are all original and are of course peculiar to the club The date is set for March 3.

Albert Hamilton, a compositor on the Star, visited his family at Richwood Saturday night, and upon arrival found that he had been preceded by a 4½-pound boy, the little fellow arriving Saturday morning. Washington's birthday.

The case of D. C. Ridgeway against John Clark was tried in Squire McKinley's court Saturday afternoon. It was a very peculiar case and was an action of attachment taken to secure judgment on a note for $127. Clark's residence is now unknown, and by the death of his grandmother he comes into possession of a one-seventh undivided interest in forty acres of land

PERSONAL.

W. L. Ball, of Prospect, is in the city

J. H. Collins spent Sunday at Columbus

Dr. J. H. Criswell was at Caledonia Sunday

T. W. Wasson, of LaRue, was in the city today

G W. Sells was at Columbus today on business.

John Toms, of LaRue, was in Marion today on business.

Charles Lederman is up from Columbus on business.

Roy Kennedy, of Zanesville, Ohio, is the guest of friends here.

Miss Gertrude Converse has returned from a visit at Marysville.

Tom Clary spent Sunday with lady friends in Huntington, Ind

W W. Pettit, of the Prospect Monitor, spent the day in Marion.

Miss Margaret Vincen, of Shelby, O., is the guest of friends in Marion.

The Misses Lorena Patton and Laura Treese spent Sunday with friends in Green Camp.

Geo. Frank left last night for New York City to buy wraps and shirt waists for D. A Frank.

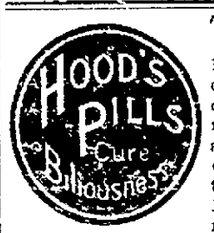
William Fies and Harvey Wilson left today for Cincinnati, where they go to attend the Masonic meetings E P. Sweney will join them Wednesday.

RAILROAD NOTES

The C., S. and H pay car was in the city today

E T. Boyd and J. M. Davidson were at Columbus Sunday to attend the funeral of C. C. Waite.

The section men along the Erie from Galion to Dayton will go to Dayton this evening in order to attend the funeral of Dan Ryan there Tuesday morning. Maurice Breen and F. D Holyoke will join the men here, and attend the funeral with them



Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills on retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others: it will be yours if you take Hood's Pills. 25c.

THE CHECK RACKET

WORKED ON JOHN H STOLL SATURDAY VERY CLEVERLY.

The Telephone Is Brought into Requisition by Two Confederates in a Very Smooth Manner—The Sum of $17.20 Secured by the Operation.

One of the cleverest swindling games ever worked in the city was played here on John H. Stoll, the shoe man, last Saturday.

About 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon a stranger walked into Mr Stoll's place of business on south Main street and asked Mr. Stoll to cash a check made payable to W E. Smith, calling for $17.20 and signed "Dermody & McClure."

Mr Stoll told the gentleman, who claimed to be the payee of the check, that he didn't know him and that he would have to be assured that the check was all right and that he was W. E. Smith, before he would pay it

The stranger finally suggested that Mr Stoll telephone to Dermody & McClure and they would tell him it was all right.

Mr Stoll told him he didn't have a phone but that he would go into the next store and call up the milling firm.

Mr. Stoll went into Berringer Bros and called up Dermody & McClure. Immediately his call was answered and as soon as he asked about the check he was informed that the check was all right which was also the case with Mr Smith. Consequently Mr. Stoll went back to the store and cashed the check for the stranger, who took the money and left.

Now it turns out that the check was a forgery, and here is where the cleverness of the scheme comes in

Just about 4 o'clock a stranger went into Dermody & McClure's mill and asked if he could use the telephone Mr. Dermody told him that he could. The stranger called up some number, just whose is not now known, but it is thought that it was that of the C. C Stoltz company. He asked several questions and then banged up the phone, first saying, 'Call me up when you find out"

It is presumed that the stranger waited until the phone had been banged up at the other end of the line and then added the request to be called up

The stranger then told Mr Darmody that with his permission he would wait for an answer, that he would be called up in a moment.

Mr. Darmody agreed to this, and in a few moments when the bell rang the stranger arose and answered the phone, as a matter of course, telling Mr. Stoll, who inquired if the check was all right, that it was and to pay it.

The conversation having been finished the stranger put up the ear piece, thanked Mr. Darmody for his courtesy and left, and has not been seen since in the city

All in all it was a most cleverly worked trick, and would work ninety-nine times out of a hundred

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Marshal Blain received a postal card today from the authorities of New London, Ohio, asking him to be on the lookout for some burglars, who entered a jewelry store there Saturday night and made a big haul. They took eighty-two watches among other things.

T. H. Gaffney, a one-legged bum from Cleveland, was brought in by Officer Cleveland and placed in the Hotel Carlos Gaffney was in the Carlos Friday night and when the officer found him he made him return. On Friday night he shed bitter tears over the defeat of Peter Maher.

Jesse Shisler, who was arrested Saturday for forgery, is now in the county jail, in default of a $500 bond He was seen Saturday night before he was removed to the jail, and asked in regard to the forgeries at Bucyrus and Upper Sandusky He said he had been in Upper Sandusky and might have forged one or two orders, but had never been in Bucyrus

John Adams, a hobo with one eye, was locked up at the prison Saturday afternoon. John had to be taken to the prison in a wagon. Edward Woods, a hobo with a Kentucky blush on his nose was also run in at the same time and held until Sunday morning, when Mason and Sherwood assisted them in cleaning up the prison. They scrubbed it out nicely and were ordered out of the city.

Pupils' Recital.

The third of Prof Becker's pupils' recitals will be held tomorrow evening, Feb. 25, at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium On account of the services at the different churches the recital will not begin until 8:15. Mrs Frank Beery, contralto, and Mr. Faust Mackey, euphonium, will kindly assist the pupils in the recital. There will be a very interesting public recital held next month by the advanced pupils, with the assistance of the Twilight Mandolin club, the Marion Grand orchestra, Mrs. Miles of Columbus, soprano soloist, and Mr Hahn, of Cincinnati, violincello soloist

Probate Court.

John A. Wolford, administrator of the estate of Celinda Marsh, deceased, filed application to sell real estate.

Order of sale issued to John A. Wolford, as administrator of the estate of Celinda Marsh, deceased, in the matter of Wolford, administrator, against William Marsh and others.

John A. Wolford, administrator of the estate of Celinda Marsh, deceased, made report of sale of land.

Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolates are unsurpassed for their purity and delicousness of flavor. All grocers

WARNER & EDWARDS.

BLACKS

Our imported order (given last November) for Priestley's Black Dress Goods has just arrived.

Superlatively Beautiful.

The finest line of Black Dress Goods shown in Central Ohio, without a single exception, can be seen at this store.

MOHAIRS, FIGURED SOLIELS, MOHAIR DIAGONALS,
CREPONS, FIGURED MOHAIRS, LIZARD FIGURES.
SICILIANS, SILK FIGURED MOHAIRS, TRICOTINE CREPONS.

Special display this week of Spring Dress Goods.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

I. B. CARLISLE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Cash Grocer.

In buying groceries give best attention to quality, then consider the lowest prices. This is our motto—you should practice it.

New York H. P navy beans per pound 3c, 10 pounds for	25c
New York buckwheat 10 pounds for	25c
Kettle rendered leaf lard 3 pounds for	25c
Standard tomatoes per can 6c, per dozen	70c
Standard corn per can 5c, per dozen	57c
Fancy 2 Crown raisins 5c pound 7 pounds for	25c
Fancy cleaned currants 5c pound, 6 pounds for	25c
Best sifted gram pepper per pound 15c, 2 pounds for	25c
Best package coffee per package	20c
Werk's, Star and Lenox soap 7 bars for	25c
New California prunes 3 pounds for	20c
Mince meat 3 packages for	25c
Best sugar cured hams per pound	10½c

These are only a few of the bargains we have for you. Call around and see for yourself.

I. B. CARLISLE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CASH GROCER.
S. E. Corner State and Center Streets.

HIGHEST GRADE,

Recommended by the Best Bakers to make the Whitest and Sweetest .. Obtainable. Use BREAD

"B" PRIDE OF MARION FLOUR.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

OUR

Special Sale

OF Newest Linens Is a Corker.

THE people of Marion had no idea that such extreme beauty existed in these whereabouts as is shown in our LINEN DEPARTMENT. We call your attention particularly to three pieces that we are showing:

Lot No. 1.

Twenty-five pieces of soft Scotch Damask, sells the world over at $1.00, our price to introduce these goods is .. 59c Per Yard

Lot No. 2.

Twenty-five pieces of extra fine satin finish Scotch Damask, the best make in all the world, quality that retails at $1.25, for this sale our price is ..... 79c Per Yard

Lot No. 3.

All our Double Damasks, worth high as $1.75, go into this great sale at 95c Per Yard

Special Reductions

on Turkey-red, Unbleached and Half-bleached Linens. Crashes. Towels, White Goods and Spreads go into this newest linen sale.

Look out for our early DRESS GOODS OPENING.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

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